The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

NOW
10¢

Deanna Durbin

OU MOVIE FANS AREN'T SO DUMB! says LOUIS BROMFIELD

ollywood's Gayest Romance: George Brent and Ann Sheridan

EW! YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE—HOW TO CHOOSE AND WEAR NEW FALL STYLES—PAGE 51

The End of the Chapter

The papers were signed . . . the decree granted . . . it was the end of the chapter for Jim and Marion. And so her wedding ring, in accordance with the Reno tradition, went spinning into the bleak little river below, as if to wipe out forever the whole sorry business of Jim's charges and her counter-charges. Incompatibility . . . what a harmless-sounding word to separate two people. As she watched the ring disappear, some of Jim's accusations kept creeping back into her troubled mind: . . . that the said Marion was quick-tempered and unreasonable . . . that the said Marion did willfully, and intentionally, humiliate the plaintiff before friends and business associates . . . that on numerous occasions the defendant Marion's breath was objectionable and offensive to a high degree.

Her breath! Why, she hadn't even thought about that when they were married. It didn't seem possible that such a commonplace could be so important a factor. Yet, come to think of it, the breath was one of the really intimate things of life.*

Take Care, Mr. and Mrs. If you ever came face to face with a real case of halitosis* (bad breath), you can readily understand why it would be almost impossible to "live with." Even the law has been petitioned to recognize this condition in a bill for divorce filed in Cook County, Illinois.

If you're happily married and want to protect your happiness, don't neglect your breath. Keep it fresher, sweeter, and purer with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its antiseptic and deodorizing effect.

Anyone May Offend. Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions. But usually and fortunately, it is due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Excessive smoking is also a contributing factor.

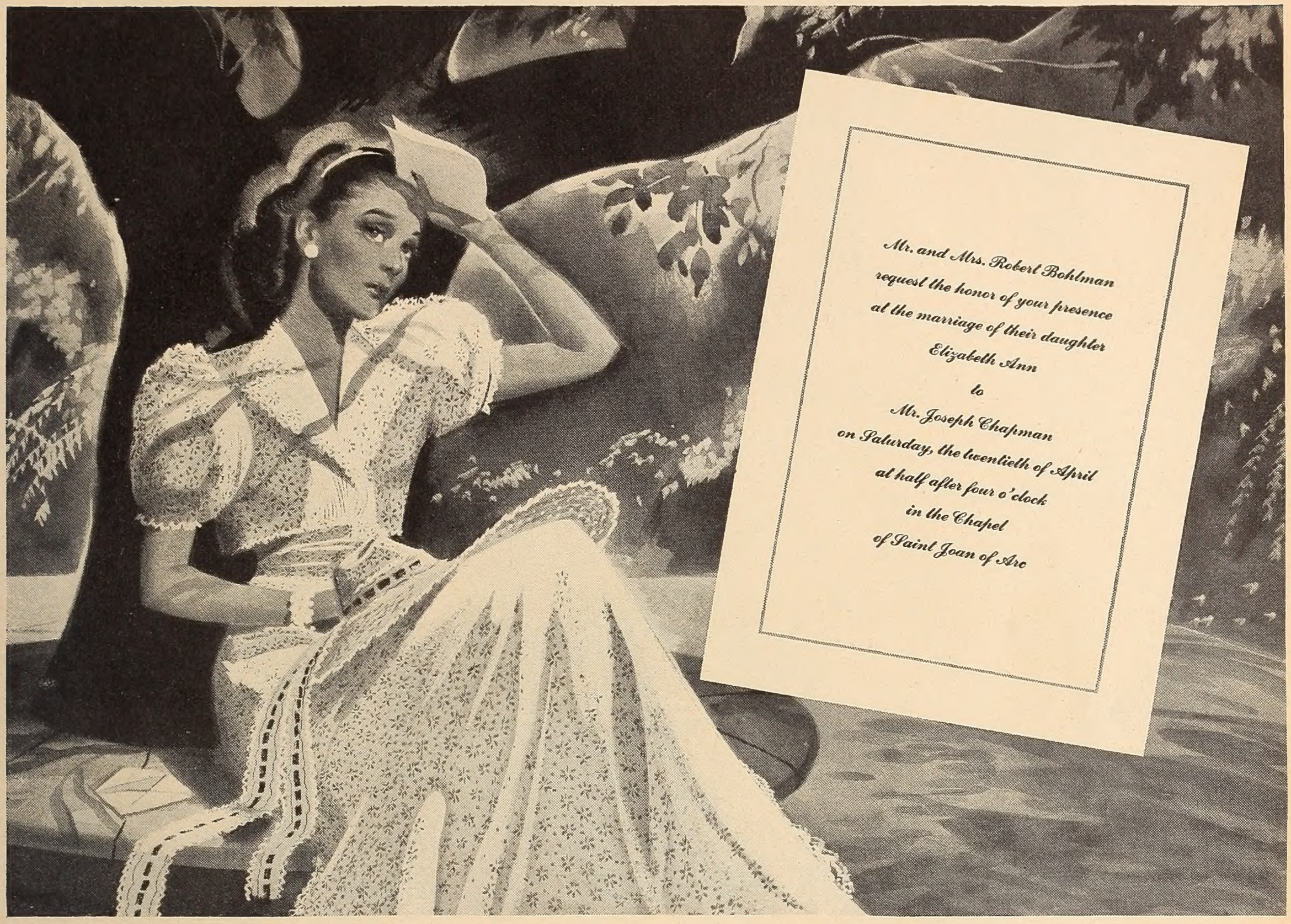
Before Meeting Others. Why not take the delightful precaution that so many fastidious people rely on? Why not get in the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times before business and social engagements? This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant first freshens and invigorates the entire mouth, quickly halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

This pleasant precaution takes only a minute or two, and you are more than repaid by the sense of security and well being it gives you when you are out to appear at your best. Put Listerine on your shopping list right now. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*



***Don't let halitosis end the chapter for you . . . try* LISTERINE**

It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!



Helen could win happiness — if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

ANOTHER WEDDING INVITATION! "So," thought Helen, "they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that *Helen* loved.

Yes—it happens! And it's so easy to blame *circumstances* for loneliness . . . so hard to admit that *you* may have been to blame. But a fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a *daily* bath to keep you fresh all day! Bathing removes only *past* perspiration. *Future* odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum every day makes you *certain* you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so easy to use . . . so dependable . . . . that women find it a "must" for day-to-day charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're through in 30 seconds with Mum.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm fabrics—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you that. Use Mum even *after* you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. The daily Mum habit means that underarm odor can't spoil your charm!

* * *

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM—More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



IMAGINE !

They're all in one picture and it's a sensation!

CLARK GABLE
SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR

in

BOOM TOWN

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • *A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE*

AUG -6 1940

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

HOLLYWOOD Gets Down to Earth!

We're fed up, frankly, with the long-standing myth that Hollywood is a hectic playplace or glamor factory, quite different and apart from the rest of the world. That has not been true for a long time; it is still less true today when Hollywood is facing facts, getting down to earth, and discovering it has a heart beating in tune with all of us. We don't mean Hollywood will not continue to turn out the world's most exciting and glamorous entertainment—it will still do that, but it will also develop its human side, live its own private life, appreciate its kinship with—just people. And so SCREENLAND in a radical departure in motion picture interviews is asking leading questions of leading picture personalities—and getting surprisingly sane and constructive answers. For example:

PAT O'BRIEN'S Advice to Youth!

Some of "you kids," as Pat addresses you, may not relish his pointed remarks at American youth—but you'll be forced to admit their justice and timeliness; and your parents will applaud O'Brien's firm stand.

FATHER'S DAZE!

Ray Milland may be a suave lover and man-about-town on the screen; but in real life he is Hollywood's newest and most ecstatic father. His son's arrival was more important to him than the biggest picture rôle; he's more thrilled than the average young father over the heir's daily progress. From the extremely amusing—and touching—feature in next month's issue you will gain a fresh and valuable viewpoint on movie stars.

GET OCTOBER SCREENLAND
ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

September, 1940 Vol. XLI, No. 5

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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Hot from Hollywood



HOLLYWOOD is most ingenious when it comes to inventing ways to thrill fans with new, intimate contacts with the stars. All you girls who have always dreamed of the "oomph" you could put into a scene with guys like Taylor, Flynn, or Gable will now have your chance. You no longer have to wonder what it would be like to play a love duet with, say, Tyrone Power. A brand new recording idea brings the love-making of any glamor boy right into your own home. The records are reproductions of their big love moments on the screen. They play their own rôles. The voice of their feminine vis-a-vis is neatly deleted—and that's where *you* come in! You dub in your voice in the blank spots. The new racket is called "Act With the Stars." You get your dialogue from the original movie script. More fun, and what a thrill!

THIS doesn't sound at all like the Carole Lombard we know today, but once she got a much-needed job as a life guard at a girls' summer camp and was the only one in the group who, on an average of twice a week, had to be rescued from actual drowning. . . . Brenda Marshall has named her honey-colored cocker-spaniel Golden Boy after Bill Holden's first picture. . . . Barbara Hutton spent most of her time in Hollywood denying rumors that she was here to okay a film version of her life supposed to be played by Loretta Young.



How to shatter your wife's nerves in one easy lesson! William Powell and Myrna Loy, above, in a scene from their new comedy, "I Love You Again." At first glance did you mistake Powell for that prankster Mischa Auer? Left, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are all set to swing it in "Strike Up the Band," new tuneful comedy of high school youths and their swing band.

NO MATTER how annoyed Katharine Hepburn was with Hollywood when she left more than a year ago, and no matter how firmly she has refused to discuss the old days since her return, she had a most welcome surprise waiting for her when she arrived. Katy, before her departure from Hollywood, never hesitated to tell off studio bosses when she felt she was being handled stupidly. There weren't many things that, given a chance, she wouldn't attempt to change to suit herself. She kept the RKO lot in the throes of one new excitement after another. One of the last big fusses she kicked up before she left the lot was over the loss of a worthless bracelet of sentimental value to her. She was very irked because the studio couldn't find it. Now, the reason why comes to light. Just the other day Douglas Walton, who played in the film with Katy at the time of the loss, found the trinket in the bottom of a trunk that has been in storage these many months. How the lost keepsake got there he doesn't know, but he personally presented it to Katy, and now she has at least some little thing to be pleased about in connection with her return to Hollywood.

(*Please turn to page 12*)

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

THE SHOW IMMENSE . . .

Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring Seven *(count 'em, folks)* Hit Tunes to make September a Month you'll Remember!



starring

BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN · BASIL RATHBONE

with

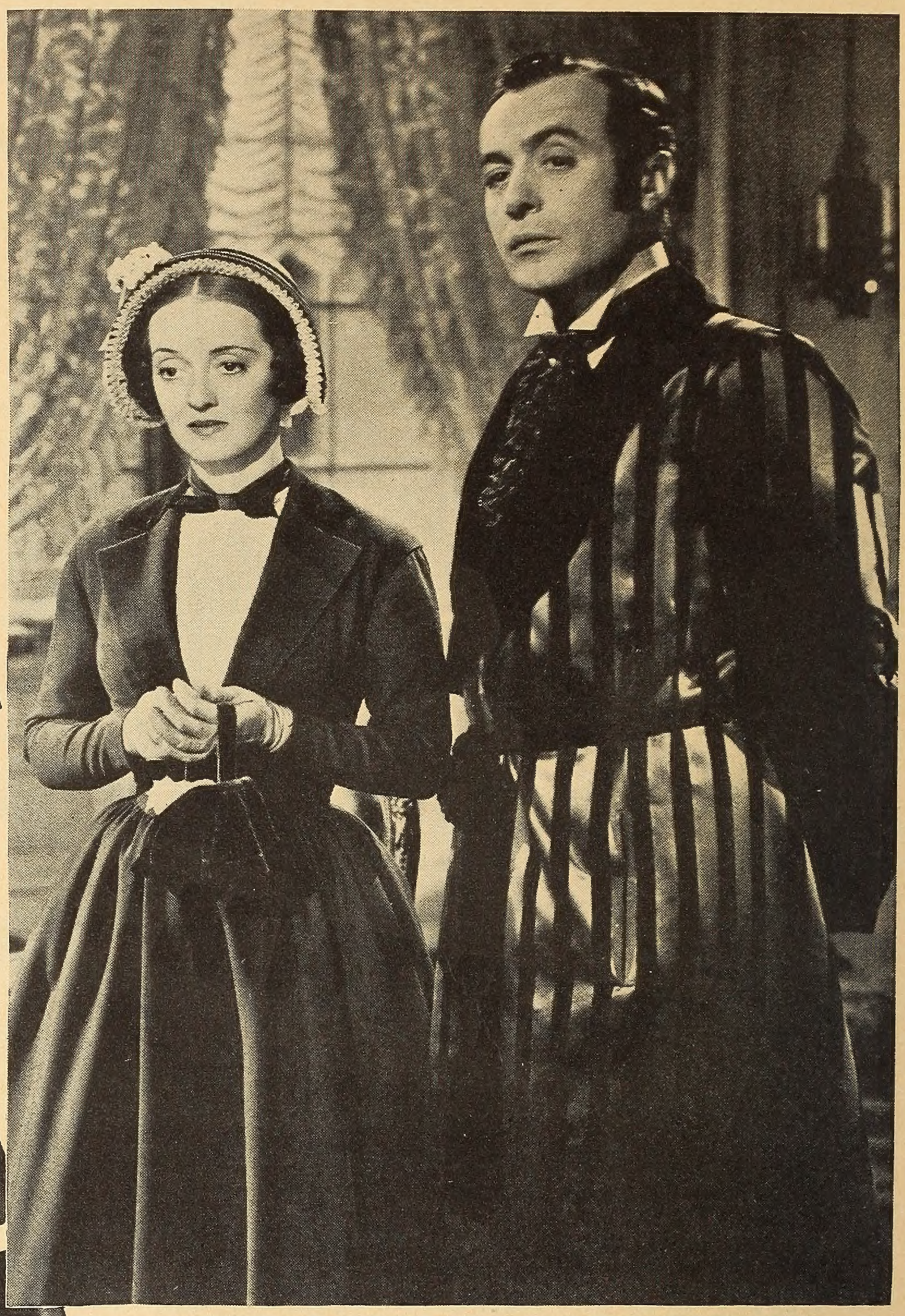
Oscar Levant · Lillian Cornell · Oscar Shaw · Charley Grapewin

Jean Cagney · William Frawley · John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery • A Paramount Picture

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Best Performances of the Movie Month: Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in the somberly compelling "All This, And Heaven Too"









Bette Davis as the governess, HENRIETTE DELUZY-DESPORTES, in the ill-fated household of the DUC DE PRASLIN, played by Charles Boyer, principals in the broodingly dramatic picturization of Rachel Field's notable novel, "All This, And Heaven Too." At top left, close-ups of Miss Davis and M. Boyer, the co-stars. Miss Davis with the remarkable child actor who plays the DE PRASLIN son and heir: young Richard Nichols.

WE DON'T say that the newest "big" picture, "All This, And Heaven Too," is today's "Gone With the Wind"—although it is causing almost as much controversy and comment as the Margaret Mitchell masterpiece. We do say, however, that you will not want to miss this costly, if cumbersome, screen adaptation of the Rachel Field book. Thanks to magnificent performances by the co-stars, Bette Davis and Charles Boyer; to the penetrating direction by Anatole Litvak of an excellent screenplay; and to a scintillating gallery of secondary performances, particularly Barbara O'Neil's tragic *Duchesse,* Virginia Weidler's *Louise,* and Richard Nichols' appealing *Raynald,* "All This, And Heaven Too" is your outstanding cinema entertainment of the summer, truly a distinguished film.

THIS IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE THAT SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK FOR THE SCREEN!



ERROL FLYNN

in the thrill-swept story of 'The Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. *Success*
With More than a Thousand Players, including

BRENDA MARSHALL
CLAUDE RAINS
DONALD CRISP • FLORA ROBSON
ALAN HALE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

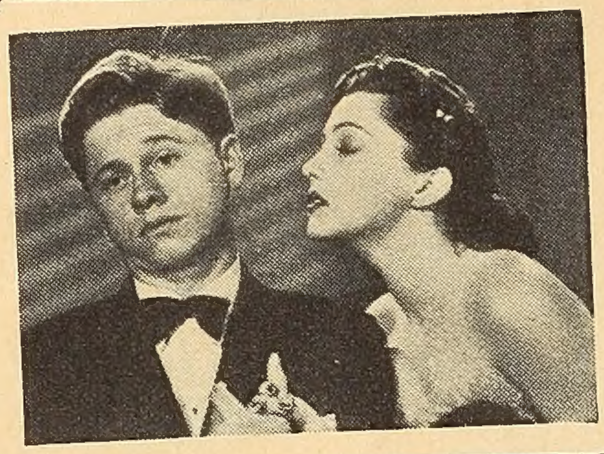
Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement •

Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 64-65



Andy Hardy Meets Debutante—M-G-M

This surpasses previous "Andy Hardy" films. *Andy* (Mickey Rooney) becomes infatuated with a famous deb (Diana Lewis), and when his wild schemes to meet her fail, *Betsy* (Judy Garland) comes to the rescue. Judy manages to steal a few scenes from Mickey. *Judge Hardy's* (Lewis Stone) fight to save an orphanage, and a plea for good Americanism are worked in with *Andy's* trials. Ann Rutherford and others in cast, good.



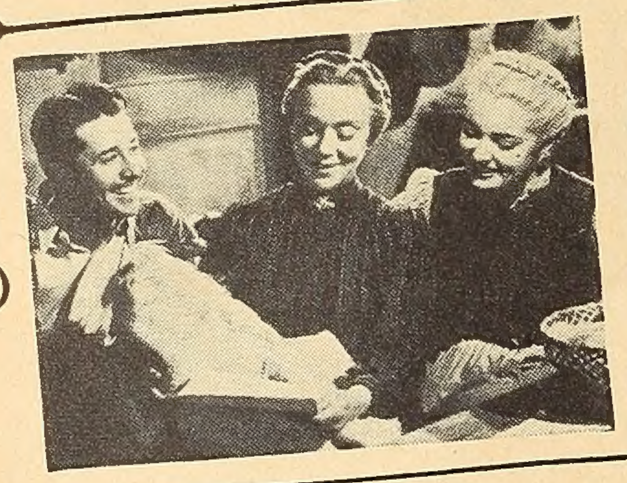
The Mortal Storm—M-G-M

An emotionally stirring film about the early days of the Nazi rise to power and its effect on a non-Aryan professor's (Frank Morgan) family. The merciless persecutions depicted would have had more arousing effect about two years ago. The film's romance, which ends tragically when Margaret Sullavan, as *Freya,* and Jimmy Stewart, as *Martin,* escape into Austria, is touching. Robert Young fine in rôle of a storm trooper.



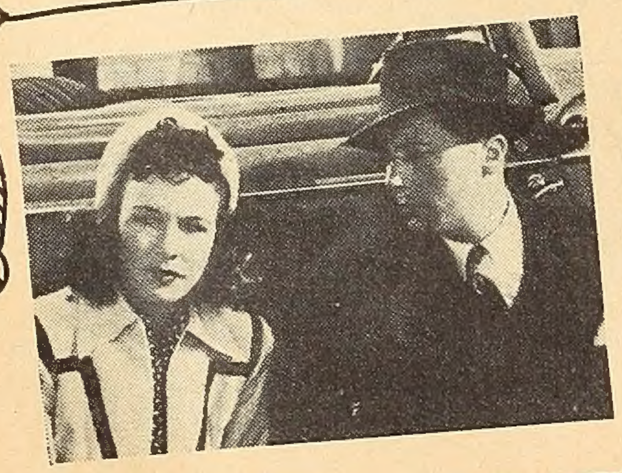
Anne of Windy Poplars—RKO-Radio

In this story about the schoolteacher who finds herself regarded as an intruder by the *Pringles,* who dominate the town, when she's appointed vice-principal, Anne Shirley portrays the fictional *Anne Shirley,* the heroine whose name she adopted for her own screen name. It's light, sentimental and shows sweetness triumphing over malice—a relief from films that stress war and other unhappy present-day conditions. Fine family entertainment.



Four Sons—20th Century-Fox

A powerfully moving film which tells the sad story of what happened to a once-happy family when Nazis invaded Czecho-Slovakia. Eugenie Leontovitch, who makes her screen début as *Frau Bernle,* plays the mother rôle with real feeling. Don Ameche, Alan Curtis, George Ernest and Robert Lowery make up the son quartet, and Mary Beth Hughes plays Alan's faithful wife. Acting throughout first-rate, but the grim tale is depressing.



Cross-Country Romance—RKO-Radio

A breezy comedy romance to take your mind off the heat, humidity, and headlines. Although the plot is trivial, it's amusing and good fun and a swell tonic for taut nerves. It concerns a frivolous runaway heiress, Wendy Barrie, who hides in the trailer in which Gene Raymond is making a cross-country trip, and most of the action takes place in the trailer and trailer camps. The film marks Gene's return to the screen after a year's absence and he is good in it. Wendy is okay too.



I Want a Divorce—Paramount

This preachment against the divorce evil co-stars the happily-married Dick Powels (*Joan Blondell*). It's a made-to-order part for Joan, and Dick proves his adaptability by playing a straight rôle. Dick plays a struggling lawyer who's unsuccessful until he begins handling divorces, which indirectly leads his wife to seek a divorce. They're reconciled when her divorced sister commits suicide. Frank Fay stands out in a secondary rôle.



Tom Brown's School Days—RKO-Radio

The screen presentation of Thomas Hughes' widely-read juvenile book about life in an English boarding school, with its pranks, hazings and fistfights, rings true. It's typically boyish filmfare, but good entertainment for grownups too. Cedric Hardwicke gives a brilliant performance as *Dr. Arnold,* headmaster, who introduces the honor system to Rugby. Jimmy Lydon plays Tom. Freddie Bartholomew and Billy Halop also in cast.



The Last Alarm—Monogram

This is the story of a retired fireman, J. Farrell MacDonald, who finds it monotonous until he comes out of retirement to aid capture a pyromaniac, George Pembroke, who's excellent as the mad firebug. His diabolic leer will give you the creeps. Newsreel shots of some of the biggest fires have been inserted in the film and if you're one who likes to watch roaring fires or see the engines go by, you'll get your fill of both. Has excitement.

(*Please turn to page* 13)

The Bride Is Dizzy . . .   The Bridegroom's Busy

So Ronald's Pinch-Hitting On Their Honeymoon



It's sensational—it's screwy—it's a scream—this story of a substitute bridegroom and the part-time bride he won on a sweepstake ticket. Not since "My Favorite Wife" have there been such laughs for sale at the movies. Come on . . . have fun!

Ronald Colman · Ginger Rogers

"LUCKY PARTNERS"

With SPRING BYINGTON • JACK CARSON • Cecilia Loftus • Billy Gilbert • Hugh O'Connell

HARRY EDINGTON, Executive Producer • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RKO Radio Picture

Screen Play by Allan Scott • Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha Guitry



WHO'D THINK THIS

Amazing

MONTHLY PROTECTION

(WORN INTERNALLY)

could be so thrifty, too!

IMAGINE getting a smaller, easier-to-use tampon—with truly *astonishing* absorbency—at HOLLY-PAX' low cost! *Super* service—money-saving price—here's *double* economy! Do try HOLLY-PAX.

Holly-Pax

THE ECONOMY TAMPON—10 for 20c

AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN-CENT STORES



Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

UNIVERSAL COTTON PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Box H41, Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10¢ please send me trial package of HOLLY-PAX, in plain wrapper, also *New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene.*

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ADDRESS_____

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Completed manuscripts considered for publication. Poems if found suitable. Legitimate talent encouragement. **Dept. E, CINE-MART MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., Hollywood, Calif.**

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to try NIX, the amazing NEW Deodorant Cream, FREE if not delighted. NIX checks perspiration; ends underarm odor 1 to 3 days. NIX protects your clothes from underarm stains and strong, stale odors or money back. A jar of NIX lasts weeks, used by thousands. Get NIX today at 10c stores. Large Jar NIX 10c. Extra Large Jar 25c.

FREE: Ask for sample new NIX Bleach Cream at stores. NIX Bleach Cream is the NEW amazing skin lightener Large Jar only 10c

GRAY FADED HAIR

Ask famous expert from France how to **shampoo and color your hair the same time** at home with **"SHAMPO-KOLOR"** Any shade. No dyed look, most lasting. Permits perm. wave. **Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 20-K, 254 W. 31 St., New York.**

Clearer Complexion



by using

Mercolized Wax Cream

This dainty Skin Bleach helps fade freckles and lightens a dull, drab sun-tanned complexion. It speeds up Nature's process of flaking off lifeless, unattractive surface skin in tiny, almost invisible particles. Exposes the lighter, clearer skin beneath. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight as directed for a fairer, prettier complexion and enjoy new skin beauty. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

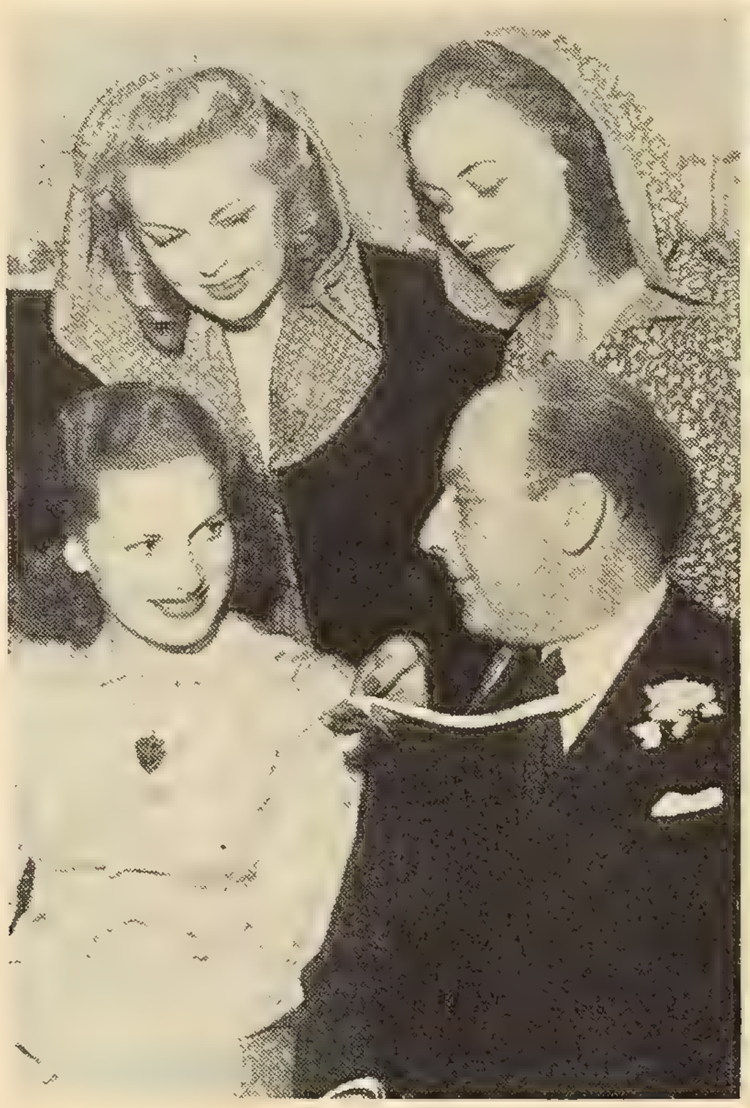


A natural blonde with clear, friendly blue eyes, five feet nearly six inches tall, weighing a perfect 113 pounds—that's how Elaine Shepard's publicity describes her, but we can sum it up in one word—luscious. Watch for Elaine in "You Can't Fool Your Wife."

Hot from Hollywood

RIGHT now it looks as if Norma Shearer may turn out to be just another big heartbreak for George Raft. George is the guy who has been handed more trouble romantically than any actor ever to hit Hollywood. Wedding bells never rang for him and Virginia Pine because there was still the first Mrs. George Raft in existence, who refused to discuss a divorce. Now there can be no wedding bells for George and Norma because the amount of money necessary to bring about his legal freedom has steadily grown. George has pictures of Norma in every room of his home and he always carries his favorite poses of her with him. Life is one big disappointment for him and he plainly shows it. He has everything to offer yet can give it to no one. His case is pitiful and so few people understand! He has a huge, comfortable, lavish home yet he never entertains. He has a fancy, perfectly appointed bar but he doesn't drink. He has one of the biggest pools in town but it's never used—he doesn't swim. Success is a somewhat bitter pill for Raft.

(*Please turn to page 16*)





Above left, Maureen O'Hara, Constance Worth, and Helen Whitney examine Sir Cedric Hardwicke's golden key of Delta Kappa Alpha, national cinematography fraternity, at the party following his induction as an honorary member. Above right, five excellent reasons why Jeffrey Lynn loves his "work." They're a few of the bevy of gorgeous gals who play bits in "My Love Came Back," which also features Olivia de Havilland.

(Continued from page 10)

Tagging the Talkies



The Man Who Talked Too Much—Warners

"The Mouthpiece," about an attorney who defends gangsters and whose activities nearly send his kid brother to the chair, has been remade with George Brent as *Stephen Forbes,* the rôle played by Warren William in the original screen version. Virginia Bruce plays the faithful secretary, Richard Barthelmess, the gang boss. Good suspense sustained in scenes leading up to the brother's last-minute reprieve.



Wagons Westward—Republic

Chester Morris plays the dual rôle of twin brothers—one (Tom), a bandit, and the other (David), a law-enforcing officer, who poses as his twin to capture the outlaws. Too many things happening at one time, coupled with trying to keep the identities of the twins straight, make film seem a bit involved, but those who like hard fighting, fast riding won't mind that. Ona Munson and Anita Louise play dance hall sisters. Cast has Buck Jones.



Private Affairs—Universal

A romantic farce about the black sheep (Roland Young) of a straight-laced Boston family, who returns to his home town after an absence of twenty years, during which time he's been a board "boy" in a New York brokerage house. Nancy Kelly plays the daughter, whose snooty grandfather objects to her marrying Robert Cummings. Hugh Herbert's in the cast and it's your guarantee of an evening of fun. Has hilarious scenes, witty lines.

"There's Charm in Soft HANDS," says Martha Scott*

(Lovely Hollywood Star)



CARY GRANT and MARTHA SCOTT* in Columbia's great romantic drama, "The Howards of Virginia".



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

A few seconds' care a day helps *prevent* unalluring rough hands

EXPOSURE TO WEATHER and use of water tend to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin. But apply Jergens Lotion. It furnishes new refreshing moisture for your skin. And—remember—in Jergens you apply 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften and smooth harsh skin. No stickiness! Quick and easy! Thousands of women keep the allure of soft, smooth hands by regular use of this famous Jergens Lotion. Get it today.

FREE! YOUR START TOWARD SOFT HANDS

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company
3915 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have charming, soft hands. Please send my *free* purse-size bottle.

Name _____

Address _____

New *under-arm*

Cream Deodorant

safely

Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS

(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



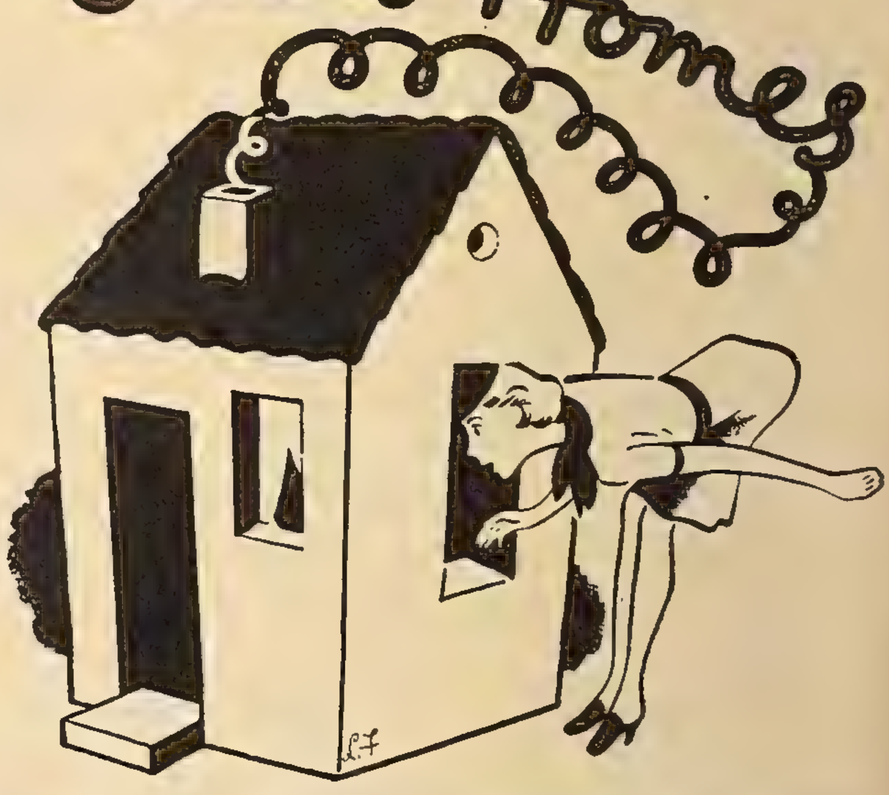
Inside the Stars' Homes

Hamburgers, toasted buns, and the makings of succulent salads—Margaret's idea of a supper that's fun for everybody, including the hostess. Try asking your guests to make their own favorite salads for a change.

"Serve-yourself Meals" are popular in Hollywood. Margaret Lindsay is your charming hostess for informal Summer supper

By

Betty Boone



PARKING around Margaret Lindsay's hilltop home is a precarious business. The last time she gave a party, police had to come over to untangle the guests' cars and help the drivers negotiate the grades, one at a time, to safety. Calling on Margaret is a test that less popular girls might fear.

She lives in a Mediterranean house. Tall iron gates guard the entrance, and rock steps lead up the steep hillside to the door. "It should be called the house of the thirty-nine steps," observed Margaret, who skims up the flight without losing a single breath, "the count is exactly thirty-nine."

Margaret's mother and young sister, Mary, better known as Mickey, share the hilltop house with her. They are all mad about books; three walls of the living room have built-in bookcases to hold some of the library, and books, periodicals and papers crowd shelves and tables everywhere.

Ivory walls, soft green rugs and flowered draperies make the living and dining rooms pleasant places but the room the Lindsays

really live in says Mickey, is the sunroom upstairs. This room seems virtually all windows and has what every Californian considers vitally important—a view. *Not* Catalina for a change. There's a fireplace, too, so that even in a chill rainy season the room is delightful. Today, however, the grate was filled with flowers.

"The picture above it was embroidered by Mother when she was twelve years old," said my hostess, indicating a sampler of red roses with the inscription *When the roses bloom again,* neatly framed. "Stitching is still in the blood, too. This is a rug I'm in process of making on this frame. I've done a lot of needlepoint, but this is heavier and goes faster."

Margaret looked cool and gay in a garden print dress, her brown curls framing her face, her eyes very blue. "We're having a maid's night out set-up this evening," she said. "Informality is fun when you entertain a group, and I love impromptu

(*Continued on page 98*)



Making hooked rugs is a real, not a "publicity" hobby with Margaret Lindsay. Above, working on a new design. At left, Miss Lindsay in her garden with Colin, her cocker-spaniel.



SUZANNE SOMMERS, SENIOR AT DUKE UNIVERSITY, SAYS:

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Bette Davis greets her leading man. Thousands of fans were on hand to cheer Bette and Charles Boyer, co-stars of "All This, and Heaven Too," at première of their film.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S adieu to active participation in movie-making was not without a few unkind comments on how much money the Temples could now sit back and enjoy. The unkindest cut of all, though, was the mistaken statement that the playhouse that the Temples built adjoining their home was to be a museum, open to the public, and the source of more income. Nothing is further from the truth! The bungalow is to be Shirley's very own and will house all her playthings, her hundreds of dolls, and her many gifts from admirers. Shirley will give all her parties in this new home. The misunderstanding may have arisen from the fact that twice a year Shirley's doll house will be open to the public. Two yearly charity affairs, given by the Temples, will be a custom hereafter. One, for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and the other for the Children's Hospital.



Beautifully gowned in white chiffon and ermine wrap, Bette was escorted to the big event at the Carthay Circle Theatre by her cousin, John Favor, and her mother.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 12

THE most insistent buzz of gossip around town at the moment is that Betty Grable isn't as grateful as she should be for the whopping rôle she has been handed in "Down Argentine Way." After being given a chance of a lifetime, it is rumored that Miss Grable is being very difficult. On the matter of dying her hair she was adamant. The whole production machinery took an awful jolt when Betty refused to alter the shade of her locks. Someone timidly brought home the fact that Alice Faye, who was set for the rôle and lost it because of her illness, had been perfectly willing to go brunette. At the suggestion of a wig Miss Grable, it's reported, again firmly stamped her feet and said absolutely no. From the way it looks now, we'll see a platinum señorita in "Down Argentine Way."



Above, cute four-year-old Richard Nichols, who played his first screen rôle as the son of Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in "All This," attended the grand opening too.

WELL, now Hollywood has seen everything! Doting screen mamas have always been plentiful in the movie capital, but they always had under-age glamor queens or precocious moppets as their charges. Now, Hollywood has signed its first glamor boy to have a doting parent. All of our town's lovely ladies have had an awful time trying to date Desi Arnaz, a 23-year-old Cuban who, it has been promised, will soon burst upon feminine America as a new number one heart throb. Desi is under contract to RKO, and you'll see him in "Too Many Girls." You'll see him with every vestige of his good looks intact. Desi's mother came all the way to Hollywood just to be sure our cuties didn't put any circles under his handsome eyes. It has been her foremost interest to see that our newest Latin lover got to bed each night long before midnight. It's been hard on the girls but as Desi's mother says, "he's still my baby."



Dana Dale made all the girls envious when she arrived at the big opening of the Davis-Boyer picture on the arm of handsome Jeffrey Lynn, who's prominently featured in the film.

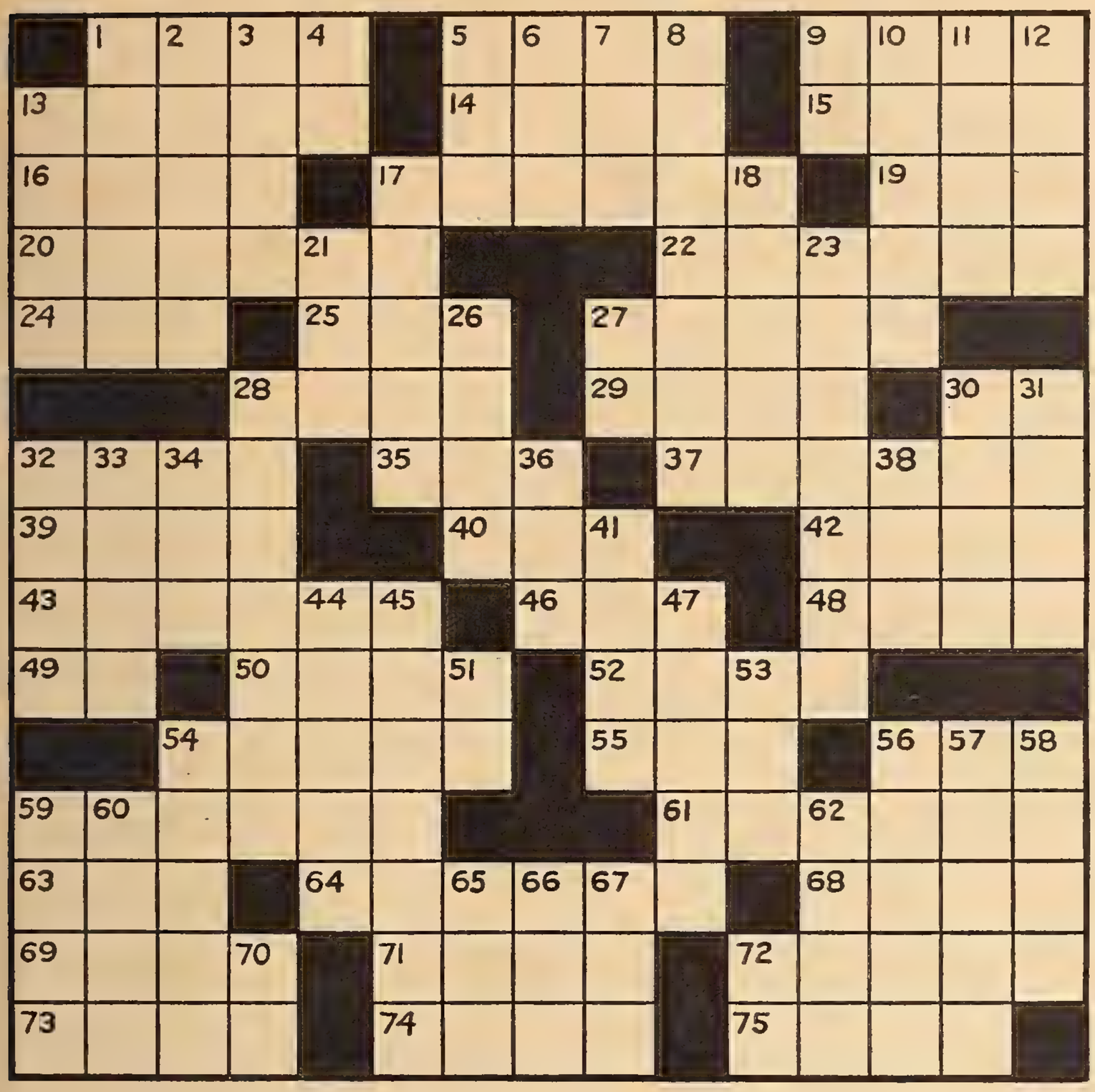




Above, Boyer arriving with his wife, Pat Paterson, and his mother. Left, Andrea Leeds and her husband, Bob Howard, in the Carthay lobby have eyes only for each other.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star of "Susan and God"
5. She plays "Anne of Windy Poplars"
9. Tardy
13. Contented
14. Spiritual being
15. Smell
16. Actress once married to Bruce Cabot
17. She's featured in "'Til We Meet Again"
19. Possess
20. Revoke
22. Co-star of "My Son, My Son!"
24. A worm
25. An Indian
27. Pointless
28. Poker stake
29. This goes with ice cream
30. Printers' measure
32. "The - - - - to Singapore," with Bing Crosby
35. Wing of a house
37. To make over
39. A low female singing voice
40. To cry
42. Short poems
43. Co-star of "My Little Chickadee"
46. However
48. Wands; poles
49. Toward
50. To beseech
52. Marlene Dietrich is famous for these
54. Glistened
55. Part of to be
56. Existed
59. Protection
61. *Howie Newsome* in "Our Town"
63. Preceded
64. He played *Ashley* in "Gone With the Wind"
68. A burning pile
69. Not working
71. To hold in check
72. He played *Mr. Chips*
73. Many stars have this done to their hair
74. To hunt for
75. Individuals

DOWN

1. Co-star of "The Mortal Storm"
2. Uncloses
3. Part of a church
4. Eastern state (abbrev.)
5. Man's name
6. Neither
7. Woman dedicated to religion
8. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
9. Behold
10. To love greatly
11. "Our - - - -," with Martha Scott
12. An eagle
13. He plays *Lord Amherst* in "Northwest Passage"
17. Co-star of "All This, and Heaven Too"
18. A spot that is not sunny
21. A weapon
23. Endears
26. Slippery fish (plural)
27. Exists
28. Featured in "Turn-about"
30. Pieced out
31. Officers' meal
32. Co-star of "The House Across the Bay"
33. Medley
34. Dined
36. She is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow
38. Fuss
41. He's famous for horror rôles
44. Comical
45. He plays *The Saint*
47. Curt
51. Biblical pronoun
53. Obtain
54. To move sideways
56. He's in "Flight Angels"
57. Tapestry
58. Let it stand—printers' term
59. Glided
60. Co-star of "Boom Town"
62. On top of
65. To observe
66. Falsehood
67. What a star signs a contract with
70. Man's nickname
72. To act

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

J	A	M	E	S	■	C	A	R	Y	■	D	R	E	W
O	L	I	V	E	■	A	L	O	E	■	E	A	V	E
E	L	E	A	N	O	R	■	B	A	I	N	T	E	R
L	Y	N	N	■	R	O	B	E	R	T	■	E	R	E
■	■	■	S	C	A	L	E	■	N	E	B	■	■	■
G	A	B	■	E	L	E	G	Y	■	M	A	T	E	S
A	M	O	U	R	■	■	S	E	A	■	S	O	R	T
B	E	N	N	E	T	T	■	A	S	T	A	I	R	E
L	E	E	S	■	O	A	T	■	■	A	L	L	O	W
E	R	R	E	D	■	T	U	B	A	S	■	E	L	S
■	■	■	T	A	G	■	R	I	S	K	S	■	■	■
A	T	E	■	T	E	M	P	L	E	■	C	L	A	M
B	A	R	B	A	R	A	■	L	A	R	A	I	N	E
E	R	I	E	■	M	U	N	I	■	I	R	E	N	E
L	A	N	E	■	S	L	O	E	■	B	E	S	E	T



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Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Directed by Fritz Lang

Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Olivia De Havilland

DEAR OLIVIA-UP-A-TREE:
Come on down to earth!

No reason for a fine actress and a charming person like you to be out on a limb, but I think you are—and I don't mean merely in the publicity picture, above. I mean in your career. Having just seen you in your first picture since "Gone With the Wind"—a little number named "My Love Came Back"—and having been very much interested in you ever since your first movie performance in "Midsummer Night's Dream"—I can't help wondering what's happened to you.

At first, when you were a fresh new face on the screen in Warner Bros.' big Shakespearean bust, all you had to do was to appear, and audiences applauded. You were so lovely, so refreshing, so wholesome that you were like a breath of Springtime—and we moviegoers took long grateful sniffs—we'd been needing some fine fresh air. And everybody said, "Here's the New Star of Tomorrow," and hurried to your later pictures expecting to see at least a baby Shearer. Well, we were slightly disappointed when we saw you as a charming but vapid *vis a vis* to Errol Flynn's robust posturings, but we put it all down to innocuous rôles. What could *any* girl do with the parts they gave you? we'd mutter, remembering you were still new, still a gentle sniff of Spring and no emotional hurricane.

Meanwhile, those of us who'd met you became your boosters; gradually you emerged as a Hollywood Personage; your well-bred beauty and high intelligence triumphed over your mediocre rôles. Then came your chance as *Melanie*—and you justified, with one splendid, shining performance, all our faith in you. At last, the exquisite newcomer was an Important Actress.

Well—and I hate anti-climaxes as much as you do—then so what? So, after your triumph in the big picture of the year, you refused to play any more tepid rôles, and were suspended by your studio. I think some of us cheered your stand; surely *Melanie* deserved the best. Came a truce: your studio gave you another part, in this piece called "My Love Came Back." Not a "big" picture, but rather a nice one. Certainly your rôle was far from another *Melanie*, but it did offer you a chance for characterization. And you didn't, to my mind, take it. Your little violinist in the new film is charming, and pretty, and rather poetic—but she's very far from being a real girl. She's no full-length portrait at all, only a very pale pastel. And this time, I think it's your own fault. Why didn't you sink your pretty teeth in that part and tear it to pieces, make it mean something? Why did you let Jane Wyman and Eddie Albert steal so many scenes? No—being a breath of Spring isn't enough, after *Melanie*.

Delight Evans



Anita Louise, Arleen Whelan and Penny Singleton gave their services as clothes models for a fashion show and luncheon to raise money to buy an ambulance for the Allies.



Simone Simon was a cigarette girl at the luncheon—she is seen here selling a pack to Irene Dunne. With her cute French accent and provocative grin Simone got $5 a pack!

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

The stars shine brightest when they give their time and talents to the Red Cross for war relief



Among other activities, Hollywood stars participated in a broadcast for the Red Cross from Warners' Hollywood studio. At left, Jimmy Cagney, Mary Martin, Irene Rich and Pat O'Brien make up quartet at microphone.

ALL HOLLYWOOD WHIRL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN WEISSMAN



Charles Laughton, Shirley Temple, and Paul Muni took part in the benefit broadcast and had fun doing it. Below, Tyrone Power is seen speaking to a crowd of two thousand women at the Red Cross luncheon. Not only master-of-ceremonies Ken Murray, but all the listeners were moved by Ty's heartfelt words which undoubtedly did much to help the ambulance fund.



Edward G. Robinson borrowed a spare sombrero and guitar from Gene Autry and indulged in some impromptu melody backstage as they waited their turn to go on the air at the benefit broadcast.



George Burns and Don Ameche lend an ear to Eddie G. as he tells 'em a new story just before the trio went on the air at the stars' Red Cross radio show. Where's Gracie, George?

"You Movie Fans Crack So Dumb!"



Cross-section of you movie fans, above, at Hollywood opening of "All This, and Heaven Too." Left, author Bromfield meets star Ann Sheridan of his story, "It All Came True." Below, two scenes from "Brigham Young," latest big picture written by Bromfield, showing heroine Linda Darnell and Dean Jagger in title rôle.

"TWELVE-YEAR-OLD mentality, my foot!" said Louis Bromfield rudely.

He was in process of puncturing Hollywood's pet alibi. Charged with immaturity, the industry's glib reply for years has been: "We've got to give the public what they want, and they want something to suit the collective twelve-year-old mind of a movie audience."

"Movie fans aren't so dumb," Bromfield retorts. "Not that I'm casting aspersions on the twelve-year-old mind. I've met many that are more alert than those of their elders. But the inference is patronizing, and that's what I dispute. It's the movie fans who are primarily responsible for the fact that Hollywood's growing up now."

Bromfield is the publishers' delight. From "The Green Bay Tree" to "Night in Bombay," his novels have been consistent best-sellers. He is tall and lithe. He talks with stimulating vigor, with the authority of one who has studied his subject and with an absence of pomp not always to be found in the successful.

"I've seen the same thing happen," he says, "in Radio City,

in little midwestern towns, and right in Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. I've watched audiences giving pictures the bird, turning a half-million dollar production into burlesque. The comments they make are as funny as hell, and there's nothing more destructive than ridicule.

"In Radio City I sat through a picture in which one of the biggest stars was playing opposite one of the most highly publicized. The man was a popular favorite, but the story was so phony that he got razzed along with the rest of it. They'd tell him when to kiss the girl and how. They'd anticipate the dialogue and improve on it. The picture was no fun, so they made their own.

"The small towns are the worst. I know, because I live in one myself. 'Anything will go in the sticks,' is a fallacy. Our high school kids are as knowing as they come. They'll go to the Saturday afternoon show and turn the place into bedlam, if they don't like the picture. And their judgment is sound because they're honest. They won't put up with old formulas or cheap sentiment or bad production or threadbare gags. You may say, what's the difference as long as they go? It's money at the box office, whether they hiss the picture or applaud.

"But it's not that simple! Sally and Johnny report at the dinner table, and their parents, who'd planned to go to the movies that evening, stay home with the radio or visit a neighbor. And the following Saturday the kids'll decide to spend their money at the skating-rink, where they can't be fooled. Hollywood knows all this and Hollywood's worried. Worried enough to take action."

Bromfield spent much of the last fifteen years abroad. Soon after his return to America, Darryl Zanuck sent him a wire, asking if he would go to Hollywood to write the scenario of "Brigham Young." Ten years ago he had



Says LOUIS BROMFIELD

In this exclusive interview, noted author punctures Hollywood's pet alibi and pays high tribute to YOU, the motion picture audience of America

By Ida Zeitlin

served a Hollywood term, which he failed to enjoy. That engagement had been terminated when he went to his boss and said: "Look! You're paying me twenty-five hundred a week. You said it was because I had something the public liked. But ever since I got here, you've been trying to force me to write what *you* think the public likes. So why don't you save your twenty-five hundred and why don't I go home?"

Two considerations prompted him to accept Zanuck's offer, and neither was financial. With magazines bidding against each other for serial (*Please turn to page 78*)

Catching Up with MARTHA SCOTT

"Our Town" girl marches on to new triumphs in "The Howards of Virginia." Read all about this new actress whose sudden success has all Hollywood talking about her

By Gene Schrott

WITH her ability as a screen actress already established in "Our Town," Martha Scott finds it amusing to tell about the difficulties besetting the making of "The Howards of Virginia."

"Most of it," she relates, "was filmed right in Williamsburg, Virginia. And though the town gets its usual share of visitors because of its historic interest, the attendance was never as large as when the film was being shot there. Oh, yes, Cary Grant was responsible for the greater part of that influx—especially the girls! For one thing, William and Mary College is in Williamsburg and somehow on the day Cary arrived in town, it seemed that ninety-nine per cent of the co-eds suddenly developed convenient ailments to keep them from attending classes. Everywhere you cast your eyes you saw wide-eyed, breathless girls eagerly clutching autograph books and diligently searching for a glimpse of Cary's six feet of bone and muscle. And when they did sight him—well, you know how a fox feels (*Please turn to page 80*)





Martha Scott co-stars with Cary Grant in big new picture, "The Howards of Virginia." Above, a merry moment on the set with the two youngsters who play the stars' children in film: Richard Lyon, son of silent screen stars Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and little June Hedin. Opposite page, top, a torrid love scene between Cary and Martha.







Checking Up on CARY GRANT

Impertinent questions are asked and answered in latest interview, below, with handsome, hard-to-get Grant

By S. R. Mook

A FEW years ago a perfect epidemic of free-lancing hit the big players of Hollywood. None of them would re-sign on long term contracts. They all wanted to "pick" their parts. A few of them—notably, Lombard, Colbert, and Fredric March—bettered themselves materially. The rest fell pretty much by the wayside.

Cary Grant had been five years at Paramount but when his contract was up he joined the merry throng of free-lancers, declining to consider a new contract. Having known Cary fairly intimately ever since he hit Hollywood, I felt called upon to put in my two bits' worth and give him the benefit of my august advice. Not wanting to hurt his feelings, I went about the matter rather subtly. "You're crazy," I told him. "You've been in pictures five years and you've never done anything outstanding. You've never had a rôle that enabled you to show you could act—if you can. What makes you think producers are going to offer you *any* part—let alone enough parts for you to choose from?"

One of the things I like best (*Please turn to page 82*)

Hollywood stars are giving—not only gold, but generously of themselves to the Red Cross

By Liza

Yes! They Have A Heart



Top, Connie Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio assemble clothing. Above, Simone Simon, Mrs. Harry Brand, Carmel Myers, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer all helping.

Len Weissman

THE movie stars of Hollywood have always been grand about lending a helping hand in times of great sorrow and tragedy. Acting folk, for the most part, are born big-hearted. They give as long as they have it to give. Too, most of them came from very poor families and they know all about hunger and hardship and the struggle to live without having to read about it in a book. In every dire catastrophe in this country, or Europe, Hollywood has contributed generously, much more generously than any other community. Match the Hollywood stars with any group of Wall Street bankers, or wealthy socialites, and you will see that their charity donations make all others look like so much petty cash. Hollywood gives impulsively from the heart, not prudently from the mind.

So when the Nazis invaded Belgium and France and the American Red Cross made its heart-rending appeal for the poor refugees driven mercilessly from their homes, I knew that Hollywood would again generously give money. But what I *didn't* know was that this time they would also give themselves.

In this wonderful land of make-believe, where blood is chocolate sauce and tears are glycerin, where battles are fought comfortably on the back lot with extras getting paid for overtime, warring Europe with its dictators and dupes seemed a million miles away. Hollywood danced and laughed and gossiped. Would Norma Shearer marry George Raft? Was Garbo slipping? What did Joan Bennett say to Hedy Lamarr? Buzz, buzz, buzz.

And then—crash! Hollywood's dream world became one of dreadful reality. Hollywood heard and read about the little children and the old men and women dragging their broken bodies along the machine-gunned roads of France. And Hollywood wept.

It's easy to cry, perhaps, it's easy to sign a check, but it isn't so easy to change your manner of living. And that's just what the Glamor Girls of Hollywood did. With almost one accord they said, "I've got to *do* something to help." Now you and I know that the Glamor Girls, when they are not working in a picture, are the most pampered people on earth. They sleep late in the morning, they spend endless hours over manicures, hairdos, and massages, they lounge around in the afternoons taking sun baths and dips in their swimming pools, and they very carefully change their phone numbers so that no one from the outside world can intrude upon their privacy. But that was before they saw the anguished face of little Jacques whose mother lay dead in the ditch beside him. That was before they saw a bewildered old couple, their clothes in shreds about their poor gaunt bodies, trudging wearily on and on to heaven only knows where. Sleep was forgotten; so were manicures, hairdos, massages, sun baths and swimming pools—and the movie stars who had been the most inaccessible suddenly became the most accessible. In fact, you just couldn't avoid them.

I began to suspect something was up the morning I called Dolores Del Rio's publicity agent and asked for a fashion layout on Dolores. The publicity agent called me back later and said that Dolores was so sorry but that she was busy packing blankets for the Red Cross. I then called Claudette Colbert about (*Please turn to page 94*)

Len Weissman



Above, Carmel Myers (Mrs. Ralph Blum), Simone Simon, and Barbara Stanwyck work in the good cause. Right, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, and Constance Bennett are shown matching shoes for refugees



Though Jackie Cooper is only 17, already he's a famous movie star and a rich man. The girls are after him, as illustrated at left by Leila Ernst in a scene from Jackie's new film, "Life with Henry"—but his wise mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper Bigelow, shown with him below, understands youth and its problems. Facing page: Jackie beats the drums for Bonita Granville, studies his script for his mother.

How to Raise A Boy in Hollywood

BY JACKIE COOPER'S MOTHER

THE years have been so kind and considerate to Jackie and me that I'm a little surprised to realize that he is growing up and facing problems that inevitably must come to a boy of seventeen. I don't mean to imply that he's now a man. He's not. He's still just a kid. But with that significant age of seventeen come meaningful problems that must be met with graciousness, tolerance, and understanding. I am happy to be able to say that because of the closeness between us, the hurdles he is now trying to jump are not going to stump us.

We've had our trials and our worries, Jackie and I. Lots of them. Just as many, and possibly more, as any other mother and son who find themselves working hard and long to live decently. But because we have tried to keep our sense of values and our idealism in the face of such trials and worries, we are both able to meet and to evaluate the things that now confront us and the things that lie ahead of us. Jackie, as a son who is puzzled, at times, by the responsibilities he is now beginning to face. I, as his mother, who must help him to realize the many, many duties and obligations he has to fulfill with grace as he finds himself on the threshold of young manhood.

There is nothing so confusing to a young man as the perplexities that bewilder him when the romantic age begins to assert itself upon him. Here lies the test that every boy must pass and every mother must help him to pass. And here lies before me, suddenly and quite abruptly, the hardest and most exacting phase of my life as a mother. I know any mother will know what I mean when I say this.

The most difficult thing about making a boy realize what is involved when he reaches seventeen is that of trying diplomatically to make him feel like a man and yet to keep him from doing things a man of twenty-five would do. I could belittle him and remind him he is just a child. But, to me, that is absolute murder. I have never made Jackie conscious of being a child. I have never believed in the idea that "children should be seen and not heard." I have always been convinced that children should be heard as long as they have enough sense to make sense. It is far better that they enter into conversation at home, and learn things straight, than to go out on their own for information and get it from the wrong source and from the wrong company.

All this may seem beside the point. But it has direct bearing, for if I had never taken Jackie into my confidence, if I had never made him an integral part of every family discussion, my job as a motherly adviser of his romantic moments might be extremely difficult. I very seldom dictate to Jackie about the girls with whom he goes out. I feel that his training in the past has given him enough intelligence to be (*Please turn to page 96*)



It's a big responsibility, being the mother of a juvenile movie star; but Mabel Cooper Bigelow has done a grand job, and she tells us here how much fun it's been along with all the worry and the hard work



Drawing by Leonard Frank

Complete cast and credits of "Hired Wife" on Page 73.
Copyright, 1940, by Universal Pictures Corporation.

THERE was a time when Kendal Browning had loved spring, every exciting part of it. Robins in the park, crocuses and tulips crowding the flower peddler's cart, the first warm, languorous days, hurdy-gurdys, spindly city trees taking on glamor with their pale, new leaves and she taking on glamor too with the silliest new hat she could find.

But that was over now. Kendal had fallen in love. And now she hated it, with the same fervor she once had used in loving it. For the man she loved was allergic to spring.

It wasn't anything so simple as hay fever. Kendal could have taken that in her stride. But she couldn't combat blonde fever. Not when it affected Stephen Dexter in its most virulent form. Come spring and there was a new blonde on Stephen's list. She arrived with the regularity of the first robin and during the five years Kendal had been his secretary she had learned the signs and dreaded the day Stephen would come bounding into his office with his hat pulled jauntily over one eye, a flower in his buttonhole and a burst of song on his lips.

Yes, the Secretary married her Boss—but she went right on being his Secretary as well as his Wife, which led to complications, including a Certain Blonde! Read our sparkling story of the new screenplay featuring Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne

FICTIONIZED BY

Elizabeth B. Petersen



KENDAL BROWNING (played by Rosalind Russell) thought she could out-smart love, but after she'd married the boss (Brian Aherne), she discovered she was just a poor, weak woman. PHYLLIS WALDON (Virginia Bruce) was Stephen's new blonde.

What if the new passion waned with the end of summer, what if fall and winter were given up to the whirl of business activity that had made the Dexter Cement Company such a prize plum that the Cement Combine was plotting means of absorbing it, spring was always there waiting and so was the blonde.

Kendal stiffened as she came to the door of Stephen's office. There hadn't been a sign of spring about him when he came in that morning, full of plans to combat the Combine. Business had been in (*Please turn to page 72*)

At first her oomphy reputation, as exploited below in "It All Came True," and other films, scared off elusive bachelor Brent. But then Ann's own wholesome charm won him over.







HOLLYWOOD'S GAYEST GEORGE BRENT —

WELL, I'm sure I don't know why Hollywood romances have to be so stuffy. The minute two stars find each other they immediately tuck in at a table for two at Ciro's (the equivalent of the old parlor sofa of Grandma's Day) and spend endless hours just gazing monotonously into each other's eyes. Before they met they were probably two of the most popular young people in town, gay, witty, friendly, and fun-loving. But as soon as love's *rigor mortis* sets in they become just a couple of dull jerks, and I mean dull. It's a good thing they have each other. No one else would have them.

Even that grand screwball Carole Lombard, who could put a boiler factory to shame by merely lifting her voice, became the Mouse Girl of all time when she and Clark Gable discovered that they cared. One of our better columnists went in for a little clocking one night at the Beverly Brown Derby and has it on record that for two hours and forty-five minutes Barbara Stanwyck (whose wit is second to none) and Robert Taylor uttered not one word. I myself did some snooping on Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart at Ciro's, and had to be revived with three aspirin tablets. After a session of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping I required three Martinis. Stuffy as a feather bed. As Gracie Allen says, I don't get it.

So when I heard that Ann Sheridan (*Please turn to page 86*)

How The Oomph Girl made a Laughing Boy out of dignified George Brent

By

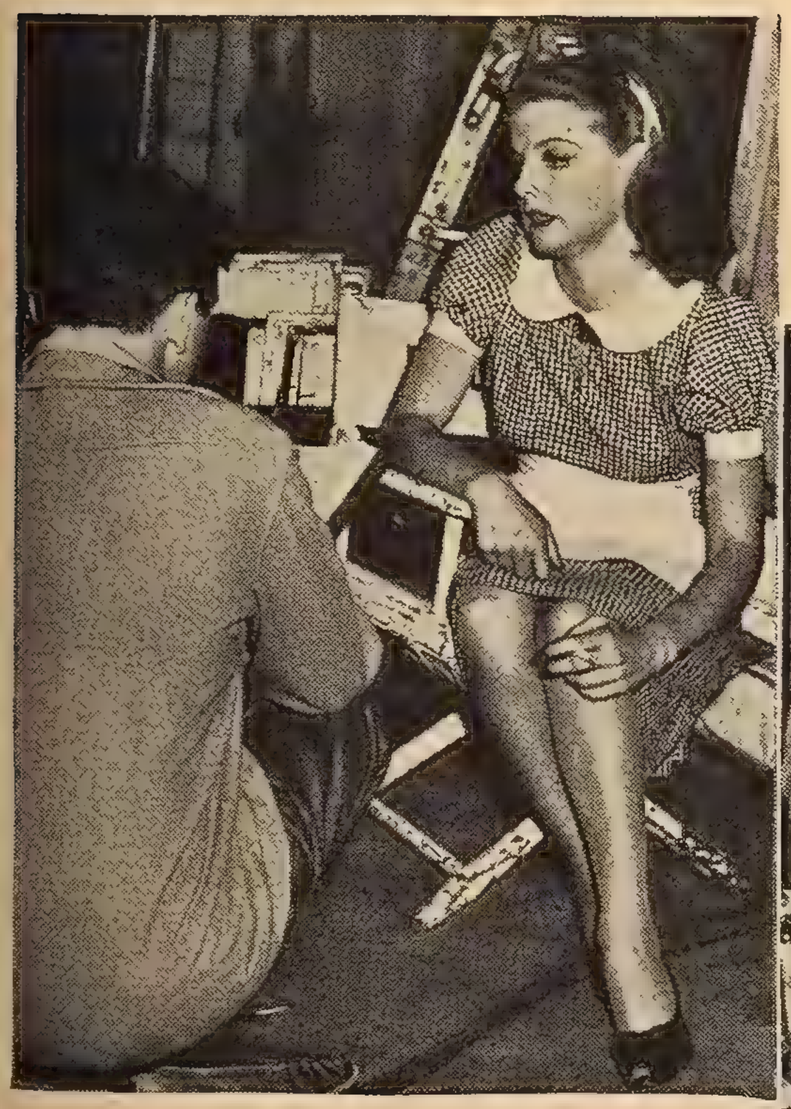
Elizabeth Wilson

ANN SHERIDAN

ROMANCE!





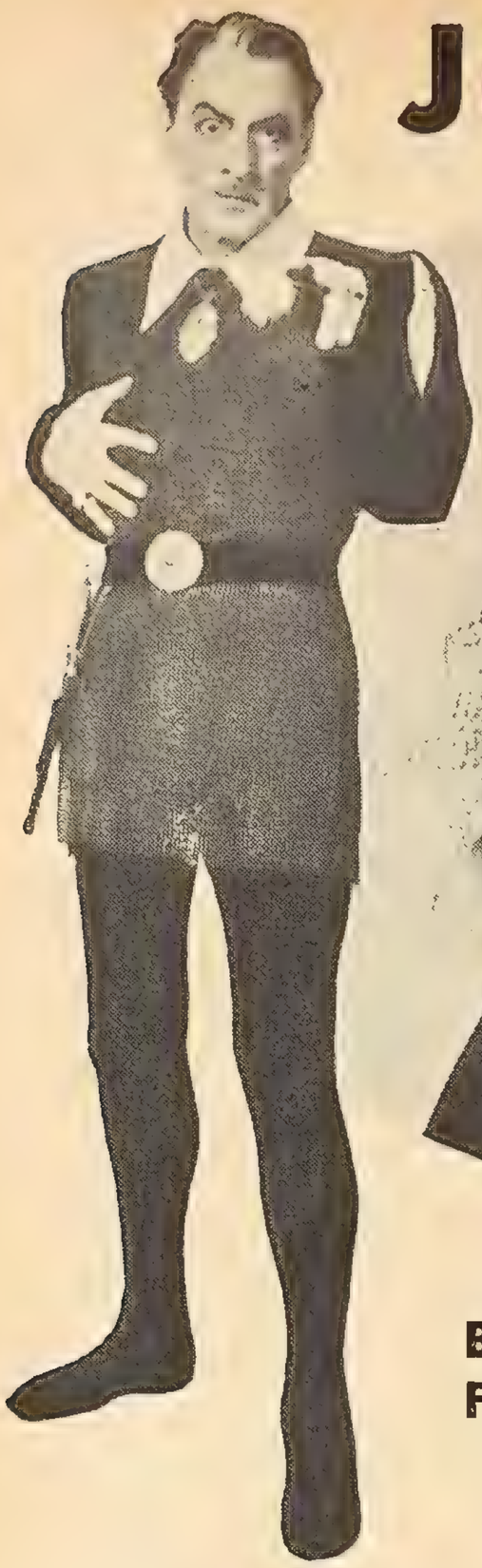


Ann's new film, "They Drive by Night," gives her acting ability, as well as oomph, a real chance. Pictures here show her on the set and with co-star George Raft.





JOHN'S Lowdown on BARRYMORE





Barrymore returns to the screen in a picture which parodies his own hectic career — "The Great Profile," with Mary Beth Hughes, who's been dubbed "The New Harlow," as his leading lady (left).



Back in Hollywood, The Great Profile gives his wittiest interview

To Charles Darnton

RETURNED from the theatrical wars, John Barrymore bore no marks of battle, only certain significant dollar-marks. Once more the unpredictable zany of his world had confounded Hollywood wiseacres by proving himself to be, of all things, an astute businessman! It was surprising, too, though eminently fitting, to find Mr. Barrymore again in the inky garb of *Hamlet* as he played a windy scene in "The Great Profile." Both the character and the title of the picture commended themselves as permanent fixtures of his fame. Yet even more interesting was the physical appearance of the matchless actor himself. He was as slight, as slender, and as alertly light-footed as on that memorable night in New York when first he looked every inch the Prince of Denmark and swept his way along the road to glory with grace and power unequalled since the day of Edwin Booth.

Here, then, was the renewed, the rejuvenated John Barrymore come into his own, if travestied, estate and having another time of his life as the comedian no less than the tragedian he can be at the drop of the hat or the rise of the curtain. I marvelled at his resilience, personal and professional alike, as he swung into a chair at the edge of the set. So free was he, too, from any of the vagaries of his recent wayfaring adventures in "My Dear Children" that I instantly suspected his riotous ad libbing to have been done for a shrewdly businesslike purpose.

He lifted a quizzical eyebrow. "The play lent itself to ad libbing. It was a pratfall comedy, anyway, not 'King Lear.' So why not? Audiences liked the liberties taken with it, and who was I not to give them what they wanted? I played it straight the first night in New York. But the audience was disappointed. Accordingly, I decided that when they came the following night they wouldn't be. That helped. Indeed, it helped enormously, just as it had in Chicago. We did good business. In my seeming madness, therefore, (*Please turn to page 92*)

New

Blonde Bombshell

Hollywood's latest, most luscious blonde sensation is twenty-year-old Mary Beth Hughes, who proved she could act in "Four Sons" and follows through in "The Great Profile," with John Barrymore.

Joan Blondell and her husband, Dick Powell, have fun in real life, fun on the screen in new co-starring film, "I Want A Divorce." Don't worry, they don't!

Barrels

Dick Powell is a busy man these days, combining a business career as real estate operator with movie stardom, and radio work on the side.

of Fun!

Ronald Colman

Colman, cheer up! Now that you're co-starring with gay Ginger Rogers in "Lucky Partners," give us a grin (see opposite page)



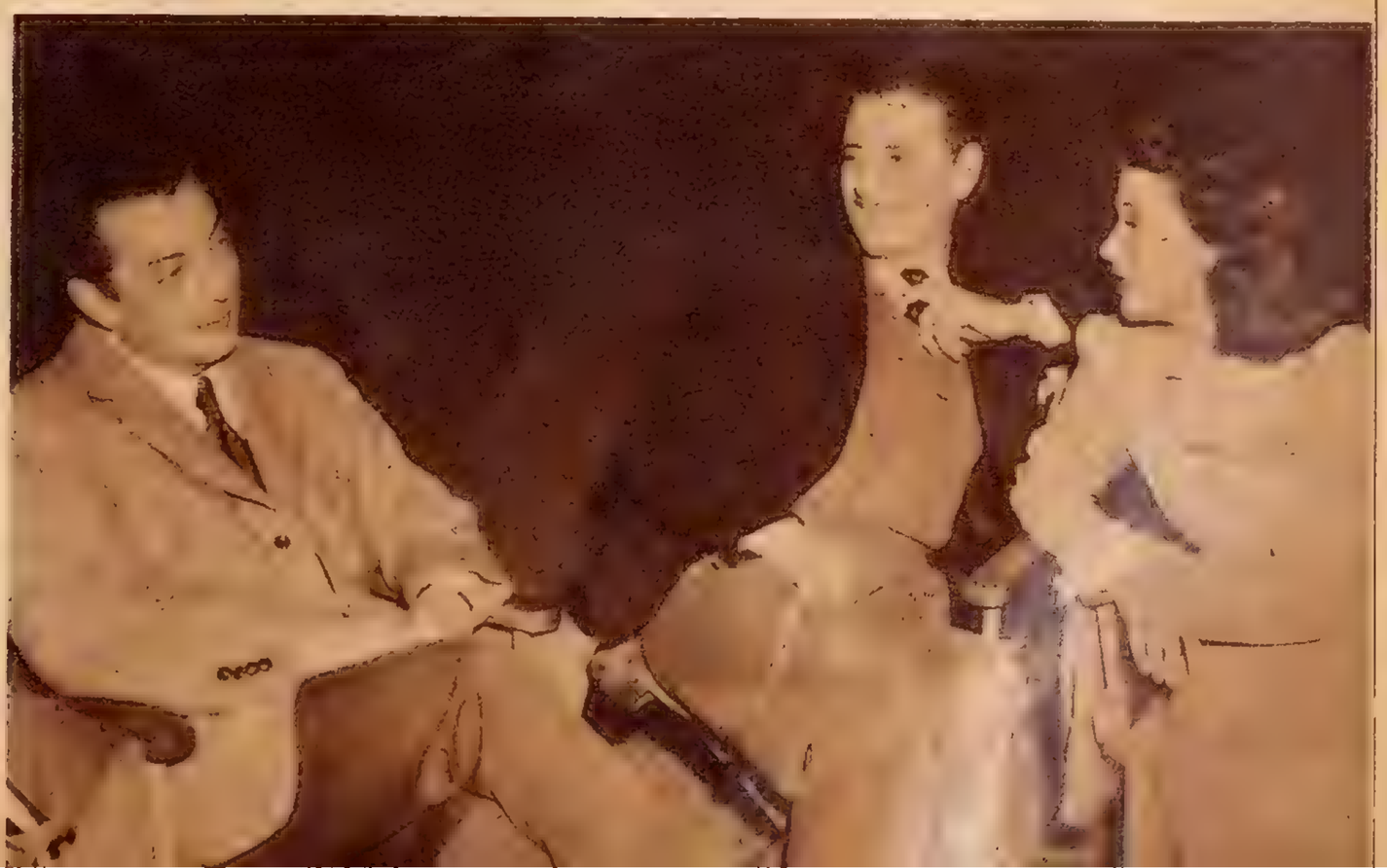
It's a light, romantic comedy, this new film which brings Ginger and Ronnie together as screen lovers for first time.



"Lucky Partners" is right! Colman and Rogers seem happy about it all, above. Below, on the set with director Lewis Milestone.



Bachrach, RKO-Radio



IF IT'S Romance YOU WANT—



Love a mile high! June Duprez and John Justin enact a scene on the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona for "The Thief of Bagdad," big Alexander Korda production all in Technicolor.

Victor Mature
nd Louise
Platt in their
oles as the
empestuous
oung lovers in
Captain Cau-
ion," Kenneth
Roberts' excit-
ng sea-faring
tory screened
y Richard
Wallace-
Grover Jones

HERE IT IS!

Girl AT HOME!

Dynamic Margaret Sullavan is, paradoxically enough, a real home girl. Her husband, her two little daughters, her home come first and foremost, even before her career.

Clarence Bull

Girl

OUTDOORS!

For all her blonde and fragile beauty, Virginia Grey is a real outdoor girl, spends her spare time on a ranch. She's on the screen in "The Captain Is A Lady."

Willinger

It Happens Again!



Seven years later! Not since they co-starred in "It Happened One Night" have Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert worked together. You remember that picture which earned for each star an Academy Award, sent Colbert sky-rocketing to fame and the fortune which made her 1939's fourth largest U. S. income earner, gave Gable his great chance. Now, "Boom Town" brings them together again, as screen husband and wife.



It's a 4-Star show, this "Boom Town," and a big battle for acting honors—for Gable must buck the terrific competition of Spencer Tracy, and Colbert's charm must overcome Hedy Lamarr's disturbing loveliness. However, the truth is that Gable and Tracy relish such rivalry, since the men are good friends in real life and good sports on the studio sets; while Claudette's talent, as well as the importance of her rôle, permits her to outshine the dazzling Lamarr, who plays a part of secondary strength. You'll note Hedy's new, shorter coiffure, Claudette's bangs which hark back to the way she looked in "It Happened One Night." Gable and Tracy resort to no such sartorial tricks, but get themselves mussed up in real he-man fashion for several stirring fight scenes.

Clarence Bull

It's good to see a grand actor like Donlevy come into his own, as he assuredly does in "The Great McGinty," a swell, salty cinema that's always excellent entertainment



Richee

THE GREAT McGINTY *ALIAS* BRIAN DONLEVY

The patrician Miss Patrick has played "the other woman" in two recent screen successes: "My Favorite Wife" and "The Doctor Takes a Wife." One of these days she'll get her man!

Gorgeous
GAIL

Who Said: No Time For Comedy

Stewart plays a successful young playwright, Russell is his devoted actress-wife—rôles enacted on the Broadway stage by Laurence Olivier and Katharine Cornell. (Francis Lederer was the leading man on road tour). Hollywood, as usual, cuts up touches with the original play. Jimmy and Rosalind, old friends and co-operative troupers, were overjoyed at chance to co-star in Warners' film—though to look at them in these poses, you'd never believe it.

Photographs by Longworth







Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell have the time of their lives clowning their scenes in screen version of Katharine Cornell's Broadway play

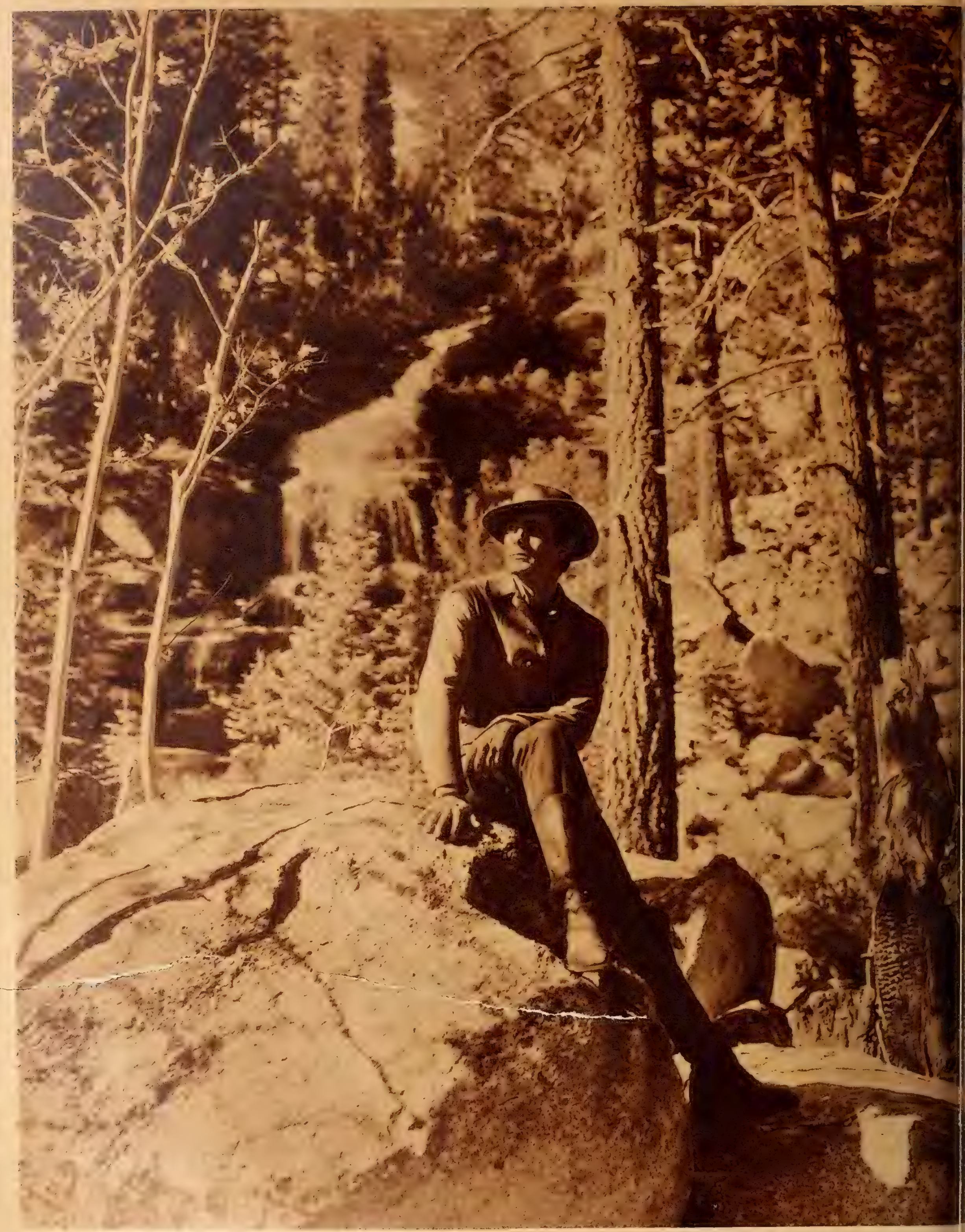


No, pictures below are not scenes from the film. "No Time for Comedy" is a witty, urbane comedy of manners. Candid shots of Stewart and Russell, below, are just clowning on the set, as "Roz" and Jimmy practiced a dance routine. Tallest young actors in Hollywood, Miss Russell and Mr. Stewart are also among film colony's most energetic steppers. First time they've danced together since Olivia de Havilland crashed in on their easy comradeship.









Photographed on Mt. Whitney location by 20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Tyrone Power in "Brigham Young"

YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE ... YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE ...



Announcing

YOUR Glamor Guide . . . dedicated to modern-minded American women. Expressing the American Way in clothes . . . cosmetics . . . charm! Focused on the functional fashions that are first aid for average incomes. Spotlighting the styles that point up your personality and star you in every scene! Showing you how to wear and care for them; how to combine them cleverly with other clothes. Details, too, on how to dramatize each ensemble with accessory excitement. Follow Your Glamor Guide and be smarter than ever this season! Prices of styles shown and names of stores where they may be found are given. Other stores throughout the country featuring these fashions are listed on page 77.

Fashions
Margot Maye

Beauty and Accessories
Courtenay Marvin

YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE ... YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE ...





NO matter what career claims you, choose clothes to suit the scene . . . to play up your personality . . . to be the cornerstone of a smart wardrobe. Fashions that can't be enjoyed for more than one season are luxuries few can afford! Styles that are basic and undated are much the best investment for bright budgeteers! First on every career girl's Fall list, a threesome tailored suit, here in chevron-weave tweed. The reefer has box-pleats and fits snugly so it's better on slim or average figures. If you're fuller-sized, choose your suit with a box coat. This one, about $27.00 at Arnold Constable & Co.; Best's Apparel, Seattle. With it, a felt brim is best, like this gay young cloche, about $4.00 at Lord & Taylor. Classic pigskin slip-ons, about $2.00 at Bucknall Bros., Milwaukee.



STRAIGHT TO SCHOOL

Velveteen Scotch cap to wear with simple wools and silks but never with furbelows and frills. All colors, about $4.00 at Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. The petal neck is news on this Dalmera cardigan. About $4.00. For business, the slip-on's smarter, only $3.00, Kresge's Dept. Store, Newark; Betty Blanc, Hollywood, California.



Career Clothes

DAY in, day out, casual styles are best. For campus, fabrics with stamina that stand hard wear and are bulky enough to balk Old Man Winter. For at-homers, thinner woolens and rayon fabrics that are not too warm in steam-heated dwellings. Touches of white are nice behind the coffee pot! For the office, fabrics that resist mussing and keep a crisp, executive air. White touches, too, but only when immaculate. Note—for that last-minute Monday morning rush when there's no time to press, jerseys are a life-saver!





OFF TO THE OFFICE

Fashion dictates plaid wool on trim shirtwaist lines. Nobody's smart secretary will ever spoil the effect with fancy shoes or a fussy hat. About $8.00 at LaSalle & Koch Co., Toledo; The H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland.





HAPPY AT HOME

Order of the day—a miniprint on nicely launderable rayon crepe. Good-looking enough for casual calls or the movies. About $4.00 at R. H. Stearn's, Boston; T. A. Chapman, Milwaukee.

SUBURBS OR CITY

Who'd resist this hood coat? It's a turncoat, too! Plain navy tweed on one side, gay navy and red stripes on t'other. Better over a plain solid-shade frock. Its boxy lines are becoming to almost all figure-types. About $20.00 at R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.; the May Company, Cleveland.



FUN After FIVE

Dressed-up enough for important dates but dressed-down enough for everyday. Fine Julliard woolen sculptured with swirling lines. About $20.00 at The Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo; Kline's, Cincinnati; Meier and Frank, Portland. The tall-draped turban of chiffon velvet adds inches of height. About $5.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. Hand-stitched capeskin gloves, about $2.00 at Gimbel's, Pittsburgh; C. F. Hovey Co., Boston.

No matter how many clothes are hanging in your closet, you're only judged by what you're wearing! Bear this in mind when you ensemble an outfit. Don't mix too many patterns and textures. If one accessory is extreme, keep the rest classic. Understatement in dressing is always smarter than elaborateness. This year, the trend is definitely for casual clothes, glamorized by interesting accessories. This coat can be further dressed up by removing the belt, adding a gold lapel accent, substituting suede accessories.



A costume that goes to business, then on for good times! Thin wool princess dress with whirligig skirt, topped by a matching coat of fine twill-back velveteen. Its twin headlight button fastening duplicates the buttons on the dress. Wine, green, black, brown. About $23.00 at Bloomingdale's; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Bullocks, Los Angeles. Little Corporal visor of velveteen, more becom- to a petite little face, about $5.00 at Lord & Taylor. Long suede pouch, about $3.00 at Gimbel's, Pittsburgh; The Lindner Co., Cleveland. Dancing-girl jewelry by Lisanda of pearls and gold, bracelet about $2.00, necklace about $3.00 at Saks 34th Street, New York; The William H. Block Co., Indianapolis.





To make this outfit tailored, the smart plateau beret of felt, about $5.00 at Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Livingston Bros., San Francisco. Shirred top-handle bag of capeskin, about $3.00 at James McCreery; Pearl twist only $1.00, Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia.



Fashion turns sideways and all eyes are on this slimmer, arresting silhouette! Sideways in dull crepe, softly draped with sleeves intricately beaded to catch the light. The sleeves make this extremely smart for theater and dinner-parties as well as dances. Taller figures carry the lines to best advantage. About $15.00 at Franklin Simon & Co., in New York, Greenwich and East Orange; Carson Pirie Scott Co., Chicago. Chiffon kerchief starry with rhinestones, about $1.00 at Bonwit Teller; Harry S. Manchester, Madison.



¶ Sideways in Celanese Rayon Jersey. Side-saddle skirt plus sleek-fitting topper to match. White, red, luggage tan, Wedgewood blue or black. Topper about $5.00, skirt about $7.00 at Stern Brothers; B. Forman & Co., Rochester; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus. Locket of pearls, about $1.00 at Denholm & McKay, Worcester; Home Store, Dayton. Black silk dress bag about $2.00 at Mandel Bros., Chicago. Cluster jewelry of pearls with cabochons, necklace about $2.00, bracelet and earrings, about $1.00 each. At B. Lowenstein, Inc., Memphis; the Higbee Company, Cleveland. Huge chiffon square with sequins, under $3.00 at Kauffman's Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh; Bonwit Teller, N. Y.

SIDEWAYS PLEASE



UNDER-COVER STORY

More than meets the eye! These fashions solve everyday underwear problems





The too-long slip? Dur-O-Seam Clipper slips are adjustable in four lengths. You clip excess length, leaving a clean-cut, tailored hemline that won't fray or rip. Of Crown-Tested rayon taffeta, in pastel or brilliant colors, at $1.69.

The too-short slip? Dur-O-Seam Yankette solves that in a minute. You pull a thread, down drops your slip length, leaving your pretty, pleated ruffle intact. Styled of Crown-Tested rayon taffeta in many colors, at $1.69.

A good restrainer in a pantie girdle? The Munsingwear garment shown really controls bulging hips because of length. Of two-way stretch fabric, with front and back satin panels and detachable garters. Priced at $4.

Easy to adjust dress shields? Then wear Kleinert's Junior Braform, bra and shields in one. Bra is of double net, shields of nainsook. Bow for adjusting and up-lift. Price $1.

¶ Your underwear is the foundation for your finished costume appearance. First, it should fit. You must feel comfortable and you must look smooth.

¶ Second, your underthings should be pretty and you should keep them that way. On this page are four of the most practical fashions we could find—and also pretty. Here's how to keep them so.

¶ Launder them frequently and carefully. Use mild soap flakes, like Lux. Make a rich suds in luke-warm water, never hot, and squeeze the garment through. Rinse carefully. Roll in a towel to dry. Press with a just-warm iron. Iron all silks on the wrong side, and all bias parts in the direction of the grain. In laundering girdles, follow carefully the directions that come with most. Smooth into shape but do not iron any elasticized parts. In fact, no ironing is necessary anywhere. Put your things away with sachets or, lacking these, slip a cake of your favorite fragrant soap in the drawer. All in the interest of sweetness beneath!

C. M.

CLOSE-UPS ON CLOTHES

¶ COAT NOTES:

Sideways fastening is the big style note for Fall. Some princess lines remain but the silhouette has slimmed down, with fullness mostly to the front. Big sleeves are another brand new note. There are many formal coats without fur. In sports coats, reefers and boxy swaggers with **zip-out linings** are the outstanding new idea.

¶ HAT CHATS:

Those dazzling big berets stressed for Autumn must have been inspired by the dashing headgear in 20th Century-Fox's "Lillian Russell." They have tremendous sweep and grace, are outrageously becoming and especially elegant in rich velvet. Another forward trend is the **backward** movement, seen in impudently young **pillboxes.** The **big call for calots** continues.

¶ FASHION FABRIC-ATION:

Fabrics for dress coats go much smoother-surfaced, this season, though some needle-point textures are seen. Casual coats swipe from men's wear. You'll see covert cloth widely used . . . many kinds of fleeces . . . bold glen plaids. For dresses, satin stages its perennial revival and the jersey urge gets stronger yet!

¶ COSMETIC CUES:

For luminous lips, dip the end of your lipstick in cold cream before applying. Gives nice movie-esque lustre! In putting on perfume, apply it to spots where warmth diffuses the odor—at wrists, backs of knees, behind the ears. For extra fastidiousness, perfume dress shields before sewing them in.

¶ COLOR CONSCIOUS:

Would you like to find out just what colors are the ones that do things for your type? Artists can tell in a trice, just by looking at you. If you haven't any artist friends, consult the art teachers at high schools or universities near you. Or, ask the advice of the fabric buyer at your local department store. The cosmetic buyer can tell you all about cosmetic colors, whether you should be wearing blue-tones or orange-tones.

¶ NEATNESS NOTE:

When you hang away skirts with pleats, hold in the pleats with paper-clips. If the fabric's heavy enough not to mark easily, pleats can be pinned into place. In putting away gloves, pull out each finger into place, then flatten the whole glove into shape. Leaving them rolled into a ball makes them messy in no time! Keep your idle handbags stuffed fat with tissue paper . . . keeps them in shape nicely!

HAIR DO'S AND DON'T'S

Your face is the picture, your hair the frame, so see that the two harmonize

By Courtenay Marvin



Round: You are a round-faced darling. But you hate it. You want a slim, more chiseled look. Then opposite, you see your answer in hair arrangement. Avoid a center part, bangs and a fuss at the sides. These only make you rounder. Instead, wear a low side part, slanting it outward, and keep your hair closely cropped. An upward trend makes your face appear slimmer. If you insist upon hair low at the back, then at least keep sides and front up for slimming effect. The fullness of the round face is often charming with the right hair-do.



Long: Avoid extreme up lines, like the wrong lady, opposite. They make you look too thin and sad and old. Break face length by a soft halo, by brushing hair off cheeks, a low side part and softness at forehead and over temples. The face thus achieves a frame that adds to its width, making it more youthful and appealing. You can see the surprising change wrought by better proportions, decidedly more pleasing to the eye. The slim face is often marked by an aristocratic and elegant note.





Heart-shaped: An appealing, dainty type. Do not crush the beauty of shape beneath gobs of bangs and temple locks, like the wrong deb, opposite. Have soft curls about the face but brush them backward. When the line is becoming, keep forehead and temples free of hair. This gives a clear, fresh accent to any face, when harmonious, generally. If you of the heart-shaped face, have a widow's peak, do not hide it, but show it to advantage, for it is a distinct mark of beauty and none too common.



Low forehead: And you want to look highbrow! Well, it can be done. First, brush all your hair upward, so the natural hairline shows, then let your curls begin an inch or two above. Part your hair on the side, slanting the part toward the crown of the head, then brush curls forward. Keep your eyebrows fairly thinned; wear high flowers or bow for evening in front hair. Courtesy for use of hair chart is acknowledged to The Nestle-LeMur Company, which also stresses proper, frequent thinning, a reliable permanent and shaping to face type for beauty.





Triangle: This is the broad upper face with tapering chin. Here you must truly disguise the natural line of your face, and what a pleasing difference you can make! Break the forehead line with a center curl; draw up the hair from your temples, to reveal the tip of your ears. Brush forward from the back a fringe of curls to partly cover the jawbone near the ear. You have then broken a decided shape into a symmetrical, charming one. Do not extend your eyebrows too far at the sides.





High forehead: You are the girl for the bangs. They will break that bald, high forehead space, and few can wear them, so you can be different with style. Claudette Colbert is an excellent exponent of the bang to advantage. Wear a distinct side part, your hair closely moulded to your head. Brush hair up, off your cheeks and in conjunction with bangs, keep curls soft and smooth. Bangs plus too fussy curls are just too, too much of everything to no good purpose. Fairly heavy brows help, too.





A jewel for your hair —that's the new Prophy-lac-tic hair brush —a gem. It's beautiful, easy to wield and easy to keep clean.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC proves that a brush can be a thing of beauty. You are reminded of jewels when you see the new Jewelite brushes, made of crystalite plastic in gem colors—water-clear crystal (and this is a beauty), rose-quartz, light sapphire and light emerald. Fine white Exton bristles promise efficiency and durability. This is an easy to grasp brush because of the fluted back and handle, and light to wield. Even the price is nice. A decided asset for dormitory dressing-table and definitely more beauty for hair!

Rose Laird knows all the answers to young skin problems, and they're contained in kit shown. Bumps can be avoided or corrected!

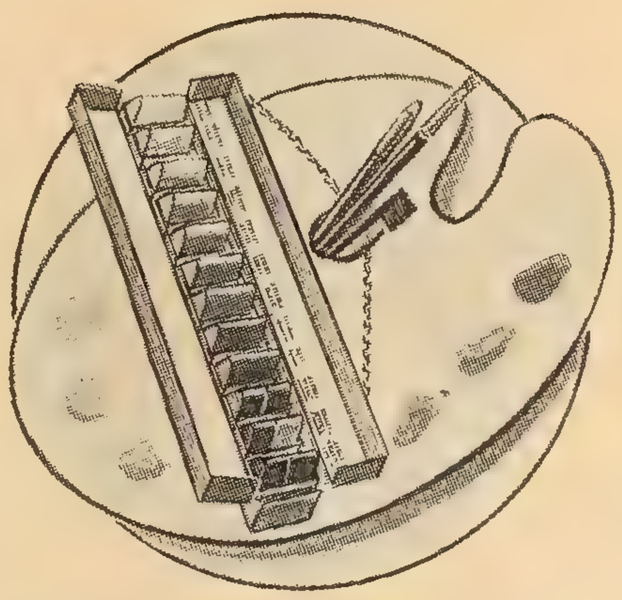


ROSE LAIRD has devoted much of her talent to young skin problems, especially acne and its related ailments, oiliness, blackheads, whiteheads and bumps. If you're smart, you won't let that problem skin worry you another moment and you won't let it spoil your popularity. But you will avail yourself of Miss Laird's little kit, Essentials for Young Skin, with basic preparations to correct your heartache; you will use it conscientiously and you will see some glorious results. It's what you need, girls and boys. Go to it!

Yours for Loveliness

Beauty news of the minute! Keyed to the dormitory dressing-table as well as your needs at home

IF YOU want another face, if you're tired of your own, or simply don't like it, then opposite is truly another face for you and a lovelier one. You can make it the Hollywood way, with the new Hampden Cosmogenics Kit, based on the use of color and tone to accent your lovely points, subdue your less lovely. There are fifteen colors in this kit, including foundation, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara. Brushes are also included.



Hampden's Cosmogenics Kit holds fifteen colors and three handy brushes for your loveliest face.



Riot and Rumpus, campus twins, are, like their names, young, brilliant and eager finger colors.

RIOT and Rumpus, new campus twins by Cutex, are definitely shades for dates. They're lively and give that extra something to costumes and occasions. Riot is a rich, deep red, that you will match with perhaps a red velveteen frock or one note of costume accessories. Rumpus is an electric red, quick, young, eager. It will thrill you to change from the so-so shade you use in the classroom to dashing color when it's time to play.

FOR beauty beneath, Revelry makes real treasures of matched accessories, including combinations of perfume, eau de Cologne, talcum, bath powder, water softener, soap and satin-covered sachets. One of our favorite combinations is sketched, eau de Cologne, bath powder and soap. It will give you a pampered, sumptuous feeling to have these beauties all matched, so take one back to college with you, keep Revelry in mind for that next hostess gift or give yourself one, just for fun.



Revelry does some smart combinations of toiletries for your beauty beneath. A favorite contains eau de Cologne, bath powder and two cakes of soap.

I DON'T know where you'd ever find such a dollar's worth of beauty as in the "Motto" kit by Daggett & Ramsdell, illustrated. It *is* a surprise. Here are five lovely preparations, cleansing cream, skin lotion, foundation cream, face powder and hand lotion in the loveliest of containers. The motto on this special package is, "Beauty Is as Beauty Does." The preparations have a fine reputation, and whether you're a schoolgirl or a grandmother, you'll need and love them all! C.M.

Read and heed the motto on Daggett & Ramsdell's "Motto" kit. There's quantity and quality within for all ages and all tastes. Truly, a good buy.



The Stars Warn:

B○○ are in Love!

Now is the time to find out what Norvell, Hollywood's astrologer, forecasts for your future and what astrological signs are best suited for you in love and marriage

Will the Charles Boyers, left, and Fred MacMurrays be able to stay happily married? Read what Norvell has to say about their future marital status





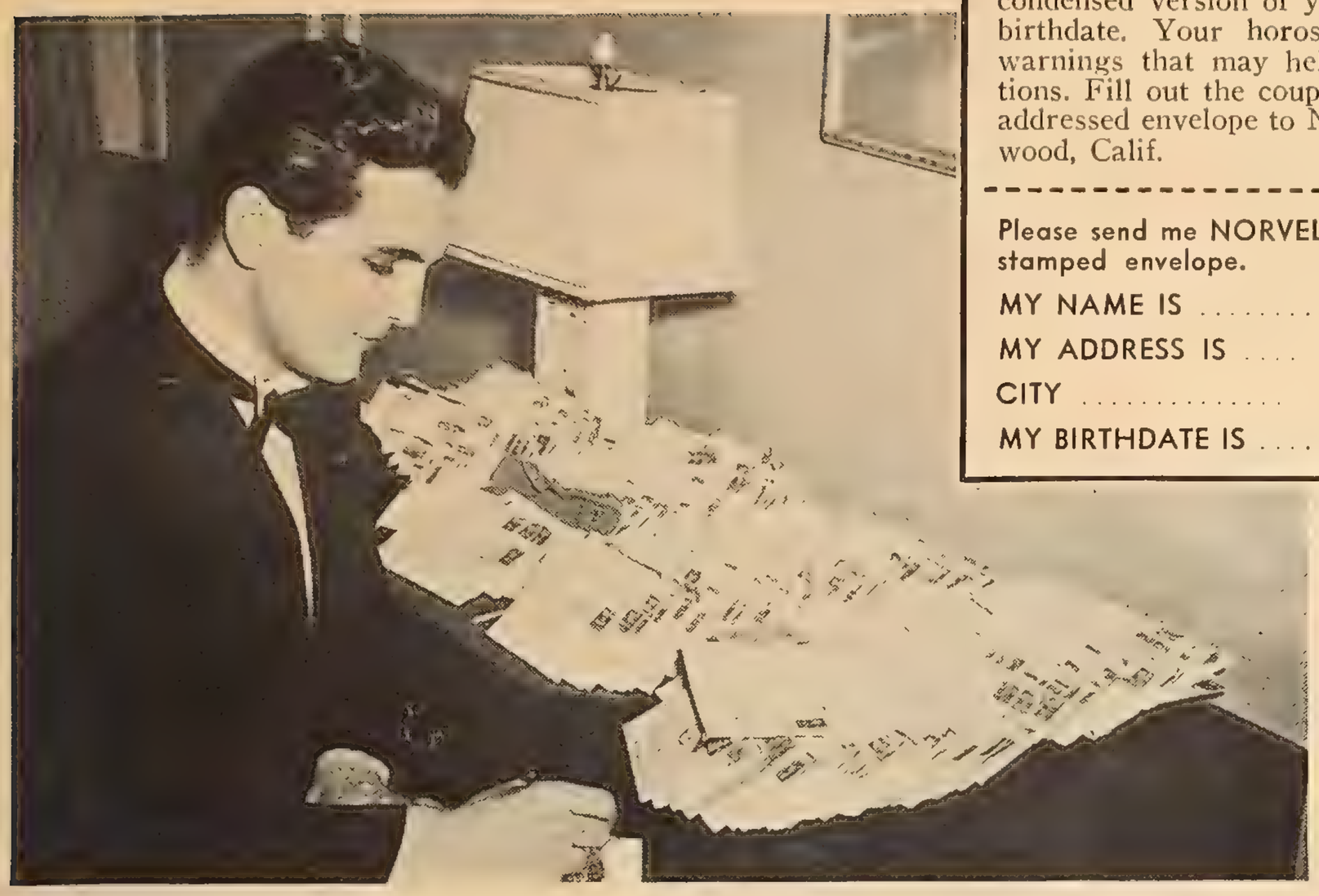
EACH month I receive on the average of twenty-five thousand letters. Twenty-five thousand persons with that many problems!

It has always fascinated me that with all the worries, desires, and hopes that beset mankind, the most urgent and frequent questions put to me relate to love and marriage. Even in these desperate days the question they ask is: "Will I find happiness in love and marriage? When?" And so it is in Hollywood, among the movie stars. In this citadel of ambition and achievement, you would think Cupid would take a back seat. But the glitter girls seldom ask me about their options. It's their romances that bother them!

No one ever asks if Garbo will win a belated Academy Award. They want to know if she will marry Gayelord Hauser. I answer to that question: "Garbo is typical of her sign, Virgo. Her birthdate is September 18. She is faithful to one ideal. Garbo's love is her career, and her wedding certificate is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract."

I've often thought, passing Garbo walking alone on country roads, that her walks were symbolical of her life—solitary. Companions attracted to her natural gayety, her genius or fame, may join her for a piece along the road, but she will continue on—all alone. I don't think Garbo will sacrifice her emotional integrity at this point, just to rest in the shade of matrimonial "security." If Garbo does marry, it will be a mistake and cannot last. Her career is the only one that could last as long as she lives. When she made her début in "The Torrent" at the age of seventeen, she might well have been forty, so ageless did she seem. So it is now and so will it always be. Garbo's genius will make her seem young if she wishes. This is typical of those born between August 23 and September 22 in the Sign of Virgo. Youth is their gift. They never lose it if true to their inner selves.

Another question that is being pondered by Hollywood these days is, will Fred MacMurray divorce his wife? Fred was born in the Sign of Virgo. My answer is, "No."



YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

Norvell, the screen stars' astrologer, offers you a FREE condensed version of your individual reading based on your birthdate. Your horoscope contains pleasant surprises or warnings that may help you avoid some unfortunate situations. Fill out the coupon below and send it with a stamped, addressed envelope to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. M, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS .....

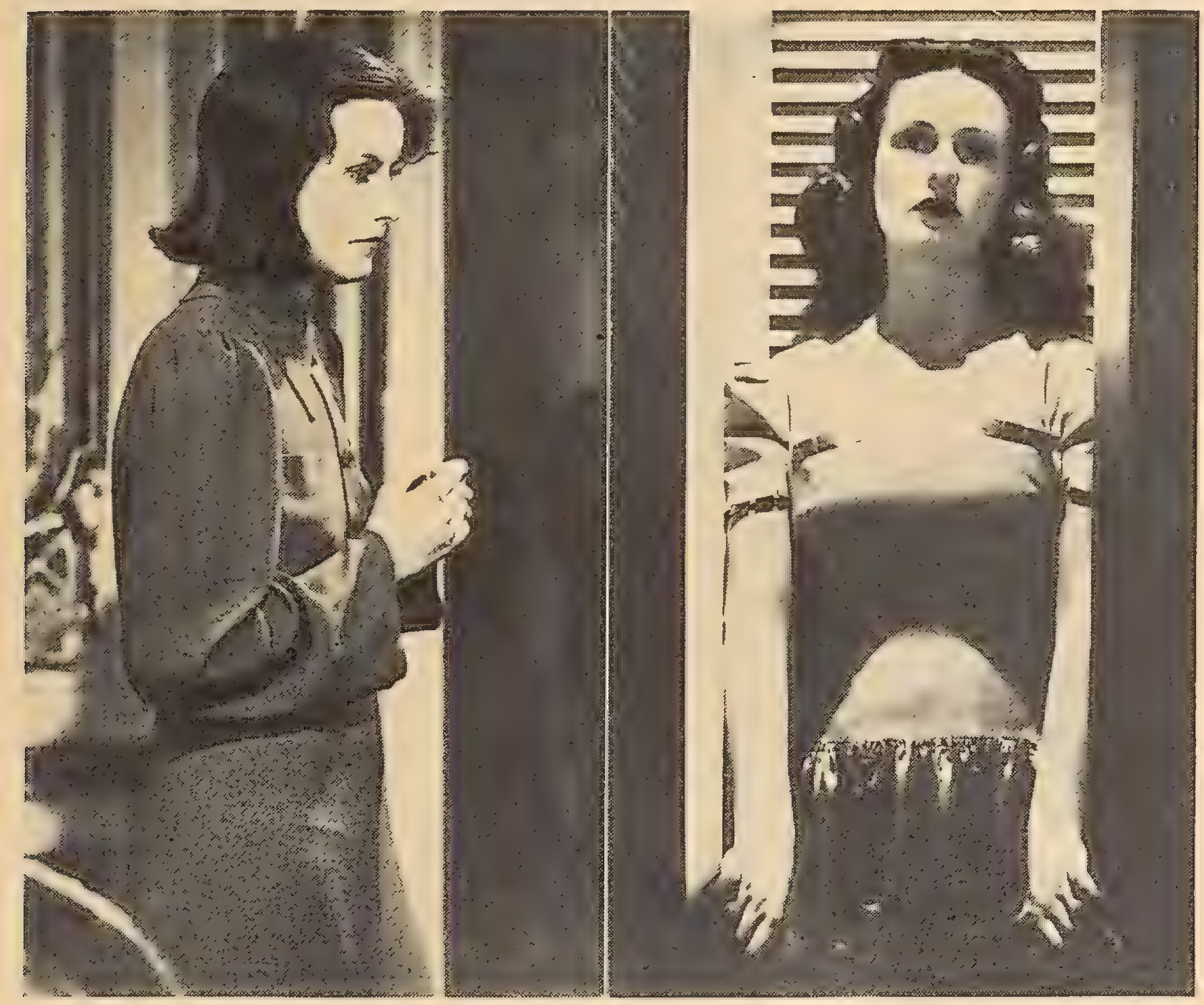
MY ADDRESS IS .....

CITY .....

MY BIRTHDATE IS .....

Norvell, left, with some of the mail from our readers that pours in daily. He receives about twenty-five thousand letters each month and requires the help of several secretaries to care for the many personal inquiries and requests for horoscopes and advice which are sent to him from all parts of the world.

Will Garbo, left, and Geraldine Fitzgerald sacrifice happiness and permit their careers to stand in the way of love and matrimonial "security"?



This is one of the few Hollywood marriages I have steadfastly maintained would last. It is so perfect astrologically. Lillian MacMurray is to Fred what career is to Garbo. He has already proven that he would sacrifice for it. His devotion during his wife's long illness was classic. Once again the stars prove the Hollywood gossips mistaken.

Fredric March, born in the Sign of Virgo, deserted the screen for the stage. His success on Broadway was quite pronounced, but now Freddie is back on the screen, and his chart shows that he will continue successfully in pictures for quite some time to come. Recently when I read his chart on the set of his latest picture, "Victory," at Paramount Studios, Fredric March was more concerned about his career than his marriage. As everyone knows he has been happily married for some time to charming Florence Eldridge, and I predict that his marriage will continue being happy and successful. As to his career, he can continue right on through his past and present cycle of romantic hero into comfortable middle age rôles, without losing any of his romantic (*Please turn to page 87*)



Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Fun

APPEAL: To all fans of Bob Hope at his best, which we trust includes everybody.

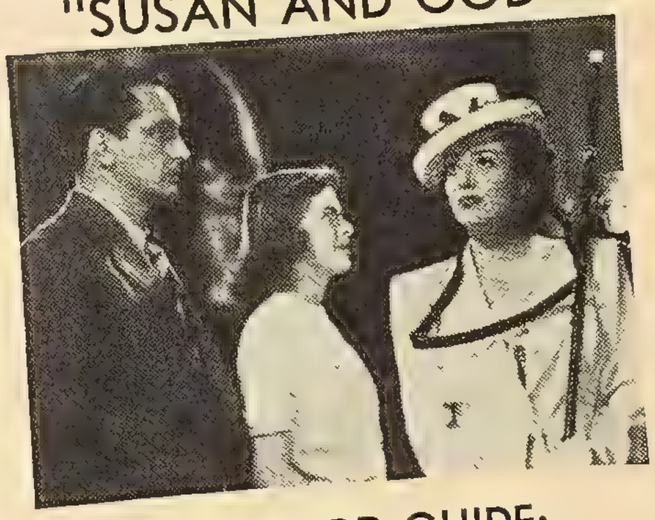
PLOT: Voodoo, a zombie, a beautiful heiress and a radio columnist in a haunted castle and if you never do find out who casts some of the mysterious shadows you won't care, you'll be laughing much too hard.

PRODUCTION: Just about what you'd expect in a comedy melodrama. All of the creaking doors and secret passages are the very best quality, the eery atmosphere is excellent, and trust director George Marshall to keep things moving, including assorted ghosts.

ACTING: Bob Hope, here, definitely establishes his spot as top movie comedian for our money. He's suave, he's glib, he's gay and personable—and as usual he succeeds in convincing you that all his dialogue is *ad lib*, running risk of being blamed for the baddies. Paulette Goddard is decorative as the heiress, and a colored comedian named Willie Best is a howl. He'll be Bob's *Rochester* from now on.

Paramount

"SUSAN AND GOD"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Sophisticated

APPEAL: For adult audiences and/or Joan Crawford addicts.

PLOT: From Rachel Crothers' stage play, about the smart matron who gets religion in big way at expense of her husband's and daughter's welfare, almost loses husband to other woman but comes to her senses just in time.

PRODUCTION: Smart from sets to shoes. Gowns by Adrian. Directed by George "The Women" Cukor. Whole production excessively clever, with crackling dialogue and ultra-modern outlook. Never irreligious, still may offend a few. Lacks charm and human touch.

ACTING: A departure for star Joan Crawford, it offers her entirely new type of rôle, in which she performs with such fidelity as to win applause from fans of Crawford the actress, though may provide disillusionment to fans of Crawford the personality. Fredric March returns to screen with able portrayal of the husband. Rita Quigley is good as the young daughter, Ruth Hussey a tempting other-woman.

M-G-M

"NEW MOON"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Romantic

APPEAL: Ecstasy for MacDonald-Eddy admirers; musical though not dramatic treat for others.

PLOT: Mainly an excuse for the songs, story concerns romance of a lovely lady and a handsome bondsman in old New Orleans, and their adventures including a shipwreck and life on an island, with the French Revolution for an anti-climax.

PRODUCTION: As always in MacDonald-Eddy films, there's a genteel elegance to the proceedings even in the fighting scenes. Robert Z. Leonard, also as usual, pilots the gifted pair with his sure directorial hand. Fact remains that the film follows formula—further fact, audiences cry for same. The songs, especially *Lover Come Back to Me*, find the co-stars in fine voice and are worth the admission price.

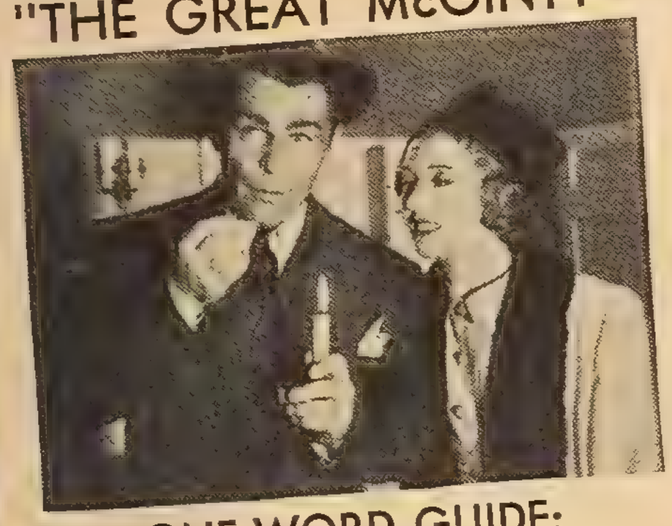
ACTING: Since it's mostly vocal, it's highly satisfactory. The period costumes become both Miss MacD. and Mr. E. outrageously, and they manage to remain guilelessly disarming while looking so gorgeous. Cast is just so-so.

M-G-M

to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"THE GREAT McGINTY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Dynamic

APPEAL: If you're sick of the stereotyped and sincerely in search of unique and original —*and* can appreciate it when you get it.

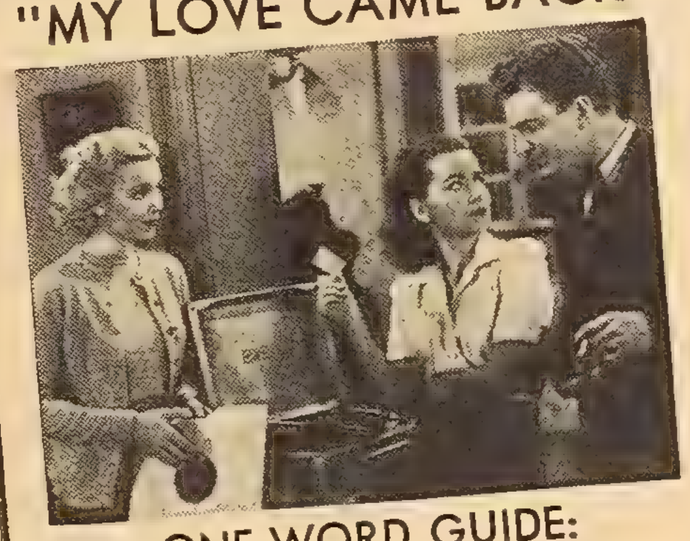
PLOT: Crooked politics turned inside out through the incredible career of tough-guy Mc*Ginty* — who was down, then up to the governor's mansion, then went down again —but always fighting.

PRODUCTION: Clever Preston Sturges, writer and director, has treated his own swell idea as it deserved—with bold wallops, cynical humor, and imagination. There's compassion and tenderness, too—this Mr. Sturges will be a mighty man of cinema some day. Don't look for frills, for this is robust, down-to-earth stuff.

ACTING: Brian Donlevy, in his first big lead rôle, is a grand Mc*Ginty*—no pretty-boy, but a real man walloping his way through life without stopping to count the corpses. In his few softer scenes he's surprisingly fine. Akim Tamiroff as his political boss gives his best performance. Muriel Angelus is a womanly Mrs. Mc*Ginty*.

Paramount

"MY LOVE CAME BACK"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Sparkling

APPEAL: To those who prefer the light, harmless soft-drink in screen entertainment to the more potent stuff.

PLOT: In contrast to month's more somber offerings, there's little real "plot" but many amusing situations when sweet girl violinist innocently accepts musical scholarship from an elderly admirer and her younger suitor misunderstands.

PRODUCTION: A new director, Kurt Bernhardt, reveals skill and originality in handling slight material, adding gay "touches" reminiscent of Ernst Lubitsch's earlier pictures.

ACTING: For once the stars don't steal the show. Supporting actors are best: Charles Winninger, lovable old music-lover, Jane Wyman and Eddie Albert, ingratiating comedians, A. Z. Sakall of "It's A Date," and little Ann Gillis, a siren in swaddling clothes, far outshine Olivia de Havilland, pretty but pallid, and Jeffrey Lynn—though Lynn is not quite so wooden as usual and in several scenes shows he is more human than his cold and classic features would indicate.

Warner Bros.

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Important

APPEAL: To every intelligent movie fan, for it's the new "big" picture since GWTW.

PLOT: From Rachel Field's semi-historical best-seller about the notorious murder case which swept a French king off his throne, led a duke to his doom, almost wrecked the life of the governess involved.

PRODUCTION: Elaborate in every department, with fine photography, lavish settings and costumes—rich, restrained treatment of the inescapably sordid material. Anatole Litvak's direction too often sacrifices suspense to subtlety but is always distinguished and discreet. In fact, a little less dignity and a lot more drama might have made this a terrific picture.

ACTING: Superb! Bette Davis forsakes fireworks for careful, convincing characterization. Boyer is to perfection the smouldering, ill-starred *Duc de Praslin*. Barbara O'Neil's neurotic *Duchesse* is fine. Little Richard Nichols as the youngest *de Praslin* provides the picture's one bright spot with his enchanting, spontaneous ways.

Warner Bros.



All the screen Glamor Girls are going western, Now it's Kay Francis who's a western heroine. She's shown, above, with co-star Randolph Scott in a romantic scene from "When the Daltons Rode," saga of the frontier's most famous band of outlaws. Kay has rôle of Bob Dalton's sweetheart.

YOU'VE read only fleetingly of he-man Victor Mature's dating big stellar names —or any girls at all as a matter of fact. His studio has quietly banned any mention of his choice in feminine companions. In the future you'll hear even less about his romancing. His bosses are planning to make a male Garbo of him. They mean to build him into a tall, dark, and devastating male whose cynical indifference will only make the gals more maddeningly possessive. It is the plan to have women chasing Mature, not Mature, the great lover, pursuing the girls. So far things have panned out rather well, only it is now developing that Vic is quite content to give all the girls the go-by if he can only date Margaret Roach, who happens to be his big boss' daughter. If Hal Roach puts his foot down, here, there's going to be trouble, because it looks as if no one is going to tell Vic what he is to do about Margaret but himself.

THE other noon the crowds waiting outside the M-G-M commissary door kept bunching up and growing larger and more annoyed. Everyone was waiting to get in and no one seemed to be coming out. The whole room was filled with males eagerly craning their necks, but you could hardly blame them—you couldn't get the treat they were getting thrown in with your lunch anywhere else in the world but in Hollywood. The reason for all the obstruction and interest was a round dozen of very shapely models, who were working on the lot in a short. The day being a particularly livid scorcher, the twelve beauties had removed their wraps to be comfortable. Their only underneath coverings were their costumes for the picture—the sheerest, most frivolous step-in and underthings imaginable. The males kept duplicating orders over and over, but not paying much attention to the food. Later in the day Jimmy Stewart, who had the equivalent of a front-row seat for a solid hour, couldn't for the life of him remember what he had eaten for lunch. The next day the girls got orders to eat their lunch in their dressing rooms or refrain from taking off their coats in the dining room.

IT'S a rare treat to watch Bette Davis work. It's very much like seeing proof that emotions can actually be caged and released at will for any fitting occasion. In the twinkling of an eye she can whip up any height of feeling for the camera. She can build a rage to the fury of homicide in a split second. I watched her pump five bullets into the body of her lover (David Newell) on the set of "The Letter." The scene made you cringe with reality. After the ordeal had been shot a number of times and the camera stopped grinding, Betty let loose a hearty, infectious peal of laughter. That raucous howl could have been heard out at the front gate of the studio. That's Bette's method of release and of kidding Miss Davis, the tragedy queen. This new version of "The Letter" will have Herbert Marshall again in the cast, this time playing the husband instead of the other man as he did with the late, eminent Jeanne Eagels. This version will also give you a new ending. Miss Eagels went scott free for all her misdeeds. The Hays office, in this remake, makes Bette suffer—and plenty.

IT ISN'T usual for a young fellow to get a chance on the screen and a movie contract because he is, primarily, a gentleman in every sense of the word. Hollywood's requisites are, somehow, much more dashing and far more flashy. But George Brent is responsible for the start of Richard Clayton's career on the screen because that young man, in George's mind, is a real gentleman, deserving a break. Brent saw him first on the set of "The Fighting 69th," working as an extra. His manners, carriage, appearance and acting ability impressed Brent so much that he was instrumental in getting a bit part for him in that picture. When George's newest story was being cast, he saw an excellent rôle for Clayton and personally recommended him. The new fellow not only got the part but a contract as well. The support of his mother and brother became much less a burden. Now he's well on his way to success and all because he had such impressive manners. It still pays to have an ingratiating presence in Hollywood.

Here's

IF you care, it has been proven that dancer George Murphy can actually thread a needle while doing an extra hot tap routine. . . . Lois Andrews Jessel struts her stuff: she visited her former classmates at Huntington Park High, rigged out in her silver foxes and all her jewels. The youngsters were left gasping. . . . Mrs. Otto Kruger has started a new fad by wearing a shiny, brilliantly colored trout fly on the lapel of her tailored suit. . . . I've never heard of it being done before but the thought is well taken. Rita Hayworth has two types of fan pictures. For girls, a picture of her in simple sports clothes looking naïve and wholesome—for men, a vision of slinky allure. . . . That attractive mountain estate you'll see in "Dulcy," starring Ann Sothern, is really Lewis Stone's home at Arrowhead. He rented it to his studio.



Above, Bette Davis gets ready, aims and (on opposite page) fires! This is how Bette looks in "The Letter," in which she plays Leslie Crosbie, who murders her lover.

DID you know that the job is so strenuous that Sonja Henie is the only actress who has a man for a stand-in? . . . At Slapsie Maxie's the other night a diamond threw the entire place into a gossipers' field day. The sparkler weighted down the finger of Raquel Schneider. She was, of course, with James Roosevelt. . . . It only happens in Hollywood: Mitchell Leisen personally redecorated his servants' quarters as a surprise and present for his maid and chauffeur. They were on their honeymoon. . . . The fan who stole one shoe and sock from the patio of Cary Grant's beach home can come back and collect the mates. One of a pair is of no use to Cary and he'll gladly give up the other shoe and sock.

Hollywood

Presenting the Highlights of the Film City's News

By Weston East

DON'T forget about these two people because you don't hear much about them. Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, quietly playing footie-footie under the table, were gnawing chicken right off the bones at Eaton's the other night. . . . The gaudiest bit of furniture in town is without a doubt Alan Mowbray's grand piano. It's enameled in fire engine red with the autograph of every important person in town scratched into it. . . . They say it's a sight to see Mme. Jeritza, who has become a real farmer on her Hidden Valley ranch, dressed in dungarees and singing Wagner at the top of her voice, while she plows up her garden behind a team of magnificent horses.



Note change of expression on Bette's face as gun goes off, above. Movie stars are supposed to be able to do all things with ease, but firing a gun is hard on them too.

SOMEONE dubbed it a very clever gag —Richard Greene was the most popular young buck at Ciro's the other night, only he wasn't there. He got a half-dozen telephone calls and was paged all evening. . . . Did you know that at the 20th Century-Fox studio you can't drink beer with your lunch? No liquor is allowed to be served in the commissary. . . . Dorothy Lamour has recently been stopped twice by motorcycle policemen and each time given a ticket. All of her sarong appeal didn't mean a thing to the arm of the law. . . . A wag has appropriately dubbed the projection rooms located in the basement of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer office building as "The Whine Cellar."



Deanna Durbin's new film, "Spring Parade," has a lot of surprises for her fans. She plays a Hungarian peasant girl of the 1890's and wears a period costume for the first time. She has never performed anything but ballroom dances on the screen, but in this picture she does a wild Hungarian folk dance. And, for the first time, Deanna will be heard in a duet, with her leading man, Robert Cummings.





"Man from Fleet Street," starring Edward G. Robinson, gets under way. It's a dramatization of the career of JULIUS REUTER, founder of a world-wide news service. Top scene shows Nigel Bruce, Edna Best and the star; above, Albert Basserman and Robinson.

Humphrey Bogart believes in playing safe in this scene from "They Drive by Night." He knows that night driving is a dangerous sport and he mustn't take his hands off the wheel, so—when he has a yen for some sparking with Ida Lupino, he parks the car.

YOU don't hear much about Roy Rogers in Hollywood. He's not in the society news, he doesn't shine at night spots. I don't think he ever attended a première. He's not a playboy, and he doesn't appear in sophisticated comedies, so in Hollywood he doesn't make very startling copy. To us he's just another cowboy, but to a million schoolboys he is an idol. Recently it has been made known what a tremendous influence he had on his youthful followers. Roy never had his foot-prints embedded in the world-famous forecourt of the Chinese Theatre to furnish another bit of curiosity to thrill seekers. He has something worthier than that for a memento. At the Garfield School, here, a cement block has been set up as a constant warning to every student to be careful when crossing the street. Embedded in the plaque is Roy's signature and the hoof-prints of his famous horse, Trigger. Every student heeds and is benefited. My hat's off to Roy Rogers.

IT was the wonderful team-work between Erich Remarque and Josef von Sternberg that quickly boosted the price of that now famous kiss that Marlene Dietrich sold for $1025. The Red Cross needs more of that kind of cooperation. Remarque started the bidding at $100 and von Sternberg doubled it. Between them they tossed it up to a thousand dollars in a twinkling. Then a timid voice in that gay garden party throng at Edward G. Robinson's meekly offered $1025. The flabbergasted auctioneer shouted "sold," and promptly collapsed. Then came the oh's and ah's for the kissing itself. That smack would never have passed the frigid scrutiny of the Hays office, nor the okay of the wife of the lucky stiff who got it if it hadn't all been for sweet charity. It was the wife, herself, of that fortunate New Yorker, who actually prodded her spouse into the bid. They were in Hollywood on a vacation and she wanted her husband to have a really good time. Marlene's osculatory contribution will be long remembered. Although he didn't win it, her cavalier, Remarque, tossed in a five hundred dollar note for, "just thinking about it," making the total $1525 for just one smooch. There's a mark for all you gals to shoot at!

JEANETTE MACDONALD is really a rabid old fussbudget when it comes to arranging events down to the smallest, most trivial details. She must have everything mapped out very correctly or she can't enjoy it. That's why her friends got a good laugh at her expense when she asked them all to see a movie with her the other night. Jeanette was at the appointed spot precisely on time and paced up and down in the foyer of the theater, waiting, for at least twenty minutes—to the delight of all the other theater-goers. Finally she left her friends' tickets at the box office and went in by herself, just to teach them to be punctual. To her dismay she found that the picture showing wasn't the one they planned to see. She found the bill had moved to another theater across town. She hustled up a taxi in double-quick time. Her friends are still kidding meticulous Jeanette for keeping them all waiting for a full hour. You can imagine her annoyance at having to explain her lack of attention to details when she even forgot to check to see where the picture was playing.

NOW it comes out that Jean Arthur might have saved all her breath and energy in her fight not to play opposite Bill Holden in "Arizona." The truth is that all her kicking didn't deter director Wesley Ruggles one iota once his mind was made up. Holden, a natural for the rôle, came to director Ruggles very unexpectedly after he had once turned him down, and when he most needed him. Nothing could have changed his mind—even Miss Arthur's pleas that if she played opposite him she would be mistaken for his mother rather than his girl friend. Ruggles was desperately in need of a he-man to play the rôle and had discarded Holden as inexperienced and an unlikely bet. Bill left town for a complete vacation in the desert. He hadn't shaved for three days when he was accidentally spied by Claude Binyon, Wesley Ruggles' ace scenarist, who was also vacationing. The beard caught the writer's eye. Until Binyon hauled Bill bodily back to Hollywood, he never left him out of his sight. He arranged a test and showed it to Ruggles. That's how Bill Holden, by the hairs of a beard, got the important rôle of the young army sergeant, Peter Muncie, that even Jean Arthur couldn't talk him out of.

THE touch that makes a perfect host: Whenever Pat O'Brien has guests and oysters on the half shell at the same time, he puts an artificial pearl or two in each shell. . . . Rover boy to the rescue: Cary Grant winced in abject pain when his studio publicity department announced that his newest sport coat had a pocket to hold lipstick, hair curlers, comb, perfume bottle, etc.—for the convenience of his girl friends.







And who can blame George Raft for breaking one of the rules—the one about not taking your eyes off the road—when Ann Sheridan snuggles up and turns on the glamor, as in this scene from "They Drive By Night"? Anyway, George's hands *are* on the wheel. Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, top, chats with her husband, who's dressed for his REUTER rôle in "Man from Fleet Street." Above, Robinson and Edna Best entertain Noel Coward, who flew to Hollywood for a visit while on a short furlough from the British war service.

NO one ever got the best of George O'Brien in a gag or a bit of horseplay. George has a quick working brain as well as a swell sense of humor. When he recently got back from his very enjoyable tour of South America, he was welcomed home by a typical Hollywood joke. An urgent long distance call from New York was waiting for him, charges reversed. He took the call only to have a friendly voice drool, "George, my pal, I just wanted you to know that I'm well and happy, in perfect health, and I hope you had a wonderful time. Goodbye now." George lost no time in searching his back yard for a thirty pound rock. He crated it and sent it air express, collect, to his New York ribber with the accompanying note: "Wonderful to hear from you! This is the load that fell off my heart when I found you were in such perfect health. Your friend—George."

ANOTHER milestone in the George Brent and Ann Sheridan affair has been favorably passed—for Ann. She came through with flying colors. Everyone says that each week these two get a great deal closer to an understanding that can mean only marriage in the end. George's close friends insist that he is a changed man, that for the first time in years he is as happy and carefree as a puppy. Ann always seems to fall conveniently in with his ideas on living, his balmy attempts at spontaneous fun, and his whole conception of how to enjoy life in general. George is very fond of Hawaiian music. So fond, in fact, that he has a favorite native band in the islands that he practically lives with when he is there. They come to the states to record once a year and all fourteen are always his guests for their stay here. This trip they met Ann for the first time and the mutual appreciation that cropped out was wonderful to see. George gave a luncheon for Ann and his Hawaiian friends and she made a tremendous hit. It's predicted that now Ann has only to agree with George on the color of shirts and ties and it will be wedding bells.

EARLY risers in Beverly Hills these warm summer mornings miss a very familiar and heart-warming sight. Lately they haven't been seeing fragile, little Maureen O'Sullivan in her charming crack-of-day routine. Crucial world events have dealt harshly with her marriage and her strong family affections. The early months of the war parted her from the light of her life, Michael Damien Farrow, her son. She was in England when war was declared. When she returned safely, she and Michael spent every possible moment together. Those happy morning walks started then. When Michael awakened, which was very bright and early, Maureen would slip into slacks and with her hair combed out loosely she and her strong young son would walk around and around the bright flowering walks of Beverly Hills —Maureen softly cooing about the happy little birdies and all the pretty waking flowers. No Hollywood actress was ever more becoming to marriage and motherhood than Maureen O'Sullivan. These days you don't see that gratifying little scene. Maureen and her son have both flown to Canada to be with husband and father, John Farrow, who is serving his country.

IF YOU have a horror of being called upon to entertain in some harebrained manner at a party, or if you can't play the clown before a sophisticated night club audience you wouldn't enjoy the movie colony's new brand of entertainment. Grace Hayes Lodge has a new laugh-getter. Someone got the idea from wondering what had become of that old "caution" at parties—the gentleman who wowed the gathering by trying on all the women's hats. You can now win a prize for being a panic as a manikin. I saw Big Boy Williams take all money the other night by striking a hilarious pose wearing none other than Mary Brian's little wisp of nose veil and forget-me-nots. There's sophistication in Hollywood for you!

WHAT would your reaction be to a picture starring Fred Astaire, Jimmy Cagney and George Raft? There are plans afoot to put these three topnotchers in—guess what—a whopping musical drama with each one of them tripping the light fantastic! Astaire, of course, would have the edge on Cagney and Raft because we know him for his ability as a dancer. However, Jimmy was a chorus boy in many a New York show, is intensely proud of it, and still trips a mean routine. Everyone knows that George Raft was a Texas Guinan tango sheik. In his day there wasn't a night club in New York that didn't get a load of his hot Charleston. He still feels he could dance on the screen and make you like it. The only fly in the ointment now is for Warner Brothers to find, or have the right story written, to combine the other valuable talents of these three, with their ability to dance.



Jack and Harry Warner, big men behind Warner Bros. pictures, address mass meeting of film workers, combating un-American activities.



Ann Sheridan, who's more of a Nice Girl than an Oomph Girl when cameras aren't cranking, attends big meeting with boy-friend George Brent.

JACKIE COOPER wants to change his name. It's a very serious step for him, and he knows his career may depend on it. He will sincerely appreciate any aid anyone can give him to help him out of his difficulty. He feels that he is getting old enough to drop the name of Jackie, and all its suggestion of youthful immaturity. He knows that he could never play the type of mature rôles he hopes to grow into if his name remains the same. To truthfully show in which direction his future acting ambition leans it is only necessary to know that a few years back he secretly took Richard Dix as a middle name because Dix is his idol. Jackie hopes in a few more years to be playing the kind of he-man, outdoor rôles that Dix made famous, but he just can't see himself being a two-fisted hero with the name of Jackie. Can you offer any suggestions that will help him?

WHEN a Russian falls hook, line, and sinker for the game of baseball there are apt to be fireworks. Especially when the Russian is a blue-eyed curvacious blonde with a bit of temperament. Just such a package of potential dynamite sat in a choice box immediately behind the home plate at the Hollywood Ball Park a few nights ago and the umpire's every decision was challenged by the fiery blonde. She made her disagreements known in a vociferous manner. The poor fellow couldn't understand a word but he knew he wasn't being thrown any bouquets. Before the game was over he would much rather have looked down the piercing muzzles of a firing squad than confront that blonde, but she didn't let him escape. She told him exactly what he didn't know about the game. The umpire was even more surprised to find he was face to face with Anna Sten.

IT'S a real Hollywood love story and it reads like a movie scenario. It all started more than twenty-five years ago. Marjorie Rambeau was a young and exceptionally talented stock company actress when it started. She was playing in an old theater in Los Angeles. She fell in love very suddenly with a young up-and-coming film executive by the name of Francis Gudger. Francis gave her a simple engagement ring that he had slaved and saved to buy. Before their different careers would allow them to marry they quarreled and she returned his ring. Later she married another. He married, too. After many years they met again. Divorce and death had left them single once more. This time Francis Gudger offered Marjorie the same engagement ring she had once worn—twenty-five years before. They were married, and here's one marriage that I'll bet my hat will last.



Newlyweds! After all those denials, Sonja Henie said yes to Dan Topping, married him in Chicago, spent honeymoon at East Hampton, Long Island.



Keeping up with Jackie Cooper is a full-time job for our cameraman. He's with Bonita Granville above; tomorrow the girl may be Jimmie Rogers.



When Brent's head is turned, Annie turns around to say hello to fellow red-head Jimmy Cagney, her co-star in "Torrid Zone" and "City for Conquest."



Spencer Tracy and his wife may be enjoying the baseball game in Hollywood Park but they certainly don't look it here! They're fans, though.

THERE is nothing worse for a player's prestige in Hollywood than to have a studio announce big starring plans for him and then in the rush and excitement of talking about it, forget to do anything at all for their find. It gives a player's career a very tired look, and a pathetically let-down feeling keeps him in a rut. Twice now, RKO studios have announced a big build-up for Lucille Ball, and both times forgot all about it. Lucille has been the victim of drastic changes in big bosses and studio policy. However, a third time may prove the lucky chance that will click for her. At least this time Lucille definitely rates star billing in her big promise, "Too Many Girls." It's the George Abbott show from Broadway and will feature most of the members of the original New York cast. Lucille is an exception, and also Ann Miller, who will do the top dancing honors.

HOLLYWOOD relaxes in the most novel and sophisticated surroundings in the country. Someone is always topping someone else in new ideas for decorating playrooms and outdoor entertainment quarters, even swimming pools. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward have just introduced a new and unique illuminating feature in the rumpus room of their Brentwood Canyon hilltop home. The lighting fixture is a combination of two ancient blunderbusses, crossed, and made into an impressive center chandelier. The room is diffused in light coming from the barrels of the guns. The rest of the room is lighted by genuine antique coach lanterns. The most novel and modern lighting experiment, however, is embodied in an on-and-off neon marker at the door of the powder room. When the door is closed the sign reads, in blazing red letters, "recording."

JUST to give a party with a still more different twist, the "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" company, tossed off a gay bit of whimsy (they thought) by having a chamber-of-horrors as their setting. Director Lynn Shores was the host, and it was his idea to use the scary set he had used in the picture. The dark and creaky stage was lit only with dim blue lights. Distorted and horrifying wax faces leered from everywhere. Strange unearthly noises screeched and moaned. (Sidney Toler manipulating the sound effects machine.) When a gigantic headless figure seated at the head of the table very unexpectedly reached over and snatched the food from Joan Valerie's plate it was too much for her. She fainted dead away! Joan's roommate is suggesting parties with a little less realistic motif—then Joan could have her fun and they'd both be able to get their night's sleep!



Bill Powell must like wacky hats—anyway, he loves wifey Diana Lewis, so any crazy chapeau she chooses, and she does, looks good to him.



Two of Hollywood's happiest people: big Andy Devine and his pretty little wife, among the ringsiders at Cocoanut Grove. All photos by Weissman.

"Hired Wife"

Continued from page 31

his firm tread. But now he was humming. It took all the courage Kendal could muster to look at him when she opened the door at last. He was wearing a gardenia.

It was ridiculous to love a man the way she loved Stephen. To love him so much that fear came crawling into her eyes and her throat and her heart, so that the outrageously pretty picture of the blonde on the billboard across the street became a living thing when she saw Stephen looking at it.

"Kendal, who is that girl?" Stephen asked, his gray eyes glowing. "I should know." Kendal knew only too well, but she managed to keep her voice under control, to inject that little note of aloof amusement which she hoped would keep Phyllis Walden where she belonged—on a billboard. "She's on the canned tomatoes I use."

"Find out who she is and get hold of her." Stephen was trying to be very businesslike but there was the look in his eyes to defeat his purpose. "We could use that girl. She'll be our symbol, our trademark."

"Little Annie Cement?" Kendal managed a giggle that sounded forlorn even to herself. She knew she couldn't laugh off that blonde. After all, wasn't she Phyllis Walden, the cream of this year's model crop?

Kendal found herself loathing the color photography that had brought Phyllis to that billboard and Stephen's attention as she went to the model's apartment. And her heart sank when she saw her, for the photograph hadn't lied. There was the same buttercup yellow hair curling around her forehead, the violet blue eyes, the soft wild rose pink and white of her skin. Phyllis looked like a whole meadow full of flowers. She looked like spring itself. None of the others had been so lovely as she.

They were enemies from the beginning, cool, dark Kendal with her flip manner concealing the panic in her heart, and this soft, dewy-eyed girl just managing to conceal a flicker of interest when she heard Dexter's name.

"I'll get in touch with him tomorrow," Phyllis said and Kendal found her heart sinking down to her slim little feet.

"You'd better let me call you and arrange an appointment," she said quickly.

Kendal wasn't one to go down to defeat easily. So her voice was very firm when she called Phyllis the next day. She had to wait while the operator at the apartment house switched the call to the terrace restaurant where Phyllis was lunching, but the pause gave Kendal time to think of some more devastating things to say to her.

"I'm afraid I have rather disappointing news for you," she said when Phyllis' voice came over the wire at last. "That job is off. Mr. Dexter changed his mind. He's going back to his old style of advertising. He decided just before he left for Chicago by plane this morning."

Kendal grinned as she heard the little gasp on the other end of the wire, and blessed herself for being such a good liar. She didn't even quibble and call it imagination. After all, she'd kill and steal for Stephen, why wouldn't she lie for him?

"I'd like awfully to know what Mr. Dexter said about me," Phyllis said softly. "And will you speak a little louder, please? We seem to have a poor connection."

"He said—" Kendal winked and stuck her tongue in her cheek, although there wasn't a soul there to admire her technique but herself. "Now, remember you asked me, he said, 'call up this Miss Goofypan and tell her she can't peddle her puss to





KENDAL could never be through caring what STEPHEN did, not while PHYLLIS, below, was around. VAN HORN (Robert Benchley) gave STEPHEN the idea of getting married and putting everything in his wife's name. So it was KENDAL who became MRS. DEXTER, although it was a business proposition. Right, William (HobartCavanaugh) with newlyweds.



All you need is a woman you can trust, ROGER explained to STEPHEN, after seeing how he had been tricked by the Combine. There was a hurried wedding with KENDAL and STEPHEN as bride and groom. "You're a real friend, KENDAL," STEPHEN told her after the ceremony. "Yes, yes, good old pal KENDAL," she mocked back.



"HIRED WIFE"

Produced and directed by William A. Seiter. Associate producer, Glenn Tryon. Original story by George Beck. Screen play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman. Following is the cast of principals:

Kendal Browning..Rosalind Russell
Stephen Dexter.....Brian Aherne
Phyllis Walden.....Virginia Bruce
Roger Van Horn...Robert Benchley
José.....John Carroll
Mumford.....William Davidson
William.....Hobart Cavanaugh
McNabb.....Richard Lane

Steve Dexter. Now that I've sobered up I can see it won't sell cement to have that silly-looking blonde sittting on a dam, dangling her gams.'"

She hung up hastily, for over Phyllis' protesting voice came the sound of Stephen's cough. But when she looked around she saw she was still alone. It frightened her, imagining she had heard Stephen that way. She was losing her grip on herself. Wasn't it enough to think about him all day and dream about him all night without hearing his voice when he wasn't even there?

It was an hour later before he came in and it was the way it always was with her heart turning somersaults at the sound of his voice.

"When is the poster girl coming in to see me?" he asked.

"She isn't," Kendal said. "The man she's going to marry won't let her. He said, "Tell Señor Dexter, my lovely Pheelis she geev up her career to leev on my rancho and be mia mujer, how you say?—wifes—"

"Chinaman?" Stephen volunteered.

"Peruvian," Kendal corrected him without flickering an eyelash. "Señor José de la Whoozis de las Watzit, or something like that. Rich. Has his own plane. I caught her at the airport just before they—"

"I suppose they flew to Chicago too?" Stephen said pleasantly. "So we won't have any silly-looking blondes sitting on my dams."

Kendal felt herself freeze as she looked at him and saw the knowledge in his eyes.

"I happened to be lunching with Miss Walden when you phoned," Stephen explained.

"Happened!" Kendal looked her indignation. "You leave it to me and then you sneak off and date her behind my back, as if you don't trust me!"

"She phoned my house last night. I thought it was just another example of your efficiency," Stephen said evenly. "Now listen, Kendal, you're my right hand. I'm not at all sure I could run this business without you. But I think I can run my own life. I'm going to see Phyllis tonight, the night after and every night and day she'll see me. How do you like that?"

"I don't like it at all," Kendal said quietly. "But if she's the one you want, if you're sure it's the right thing, my blessings, Stephen. I won't try to stop you. I'm through."

She started toward the door but he reached it first and stood there looking down on her. Kendal was tall but Stephen towered over her and again that panic took hold of her as it always did when he was near her. It took every bit of courage she could muster to keep from throwing herself in his arms.

"But you're not going to leave me with the Combine cracking down on me and everything," protested Stephen.





Filled with misgivings, KENDAL, above, gives STEPHEN a pin for his lapel flower which usually signifies that he has fallen in love with another blonde. Left, the next day the office force gathers around to pelt the bride with rice and congratulate the groom.

"I'm not through working for you," Kendal said evenly. "I'm just through caring what you do outside of office hours."

They were brave words and Kendal tried to live up to them. But she couldn't. She could never be through caring what Stephen did, not as long as there was a sun to beat down on his head as he cantered through the park with Phyllis on the horse beside him, not as long as there was a moon and stars to shine softly over them as they danced at smart terrace restaurants, not as long as there were florist windows to remind Kendal of the orchids Stephen sent Phyllis day after day. Not as long as there was that panic in her heart. And every evening there was the new fear that maybe *that* night it would happen and Stephen would ask Phyllis to marry him, and every morning the new relief that he hadn't, and her heart jockeying between that fear and that relief until it felt as if it had been caught in a revolving door.

But in the end it wasn't Phyllis who married him. It was Kendal. It happened so quickly, after the board meeting when Stephen saw he had been tricked by the Combine and they could force him into bankruptcy and Roger Van Horn, who was Stephen's best friend as well as his lawyer, getting the idea of putting everything Stephen had into his wife's name. But of course, as Roger suggested with that likeable grin on his face, Stephen would have to get a wife before midnight.

Kendal's heart contracted when she saw the look in Stephen's eyes, the look that said "Phyllis" as surely as any words could. And her world stopped as he went to the telephone and gave Phyllis' number and began again, slowly, falteringly, when he found she wasn't there. So of course it was up to Kendal to find her. There was so little time, for the marriage would have to take place in a few hours and South Carolina was the nearest state in which an immediate ceremony could be arranged. Kendal went in search of Phyllis, while the others drew up the necessary papers for the transfer of Stephen's property.

There was only that hour before she was to meet them at the airport and it took almost all of that before she found Phyllis. She was posing at a photographer's studio and though it was a sweltering day, she was dressed in ski clothes, a fur cap poised jauntily on her head, a woolen scarf flung around her throat, her slender body crouched as if for the jump, silhouetted against the pines and the snowy slope of the prop background.

She was hot and tired and the sight of Kendal looking so cool in her smart spring outfit was too much. And Phyllis was never one to choose her words when there was no man around to impress. Afterwards Kendal didn't really know if she had planned to trick Phyllis. She only knew that when she saw her all the old fears and resentments came back again. She couldn't bear to think of Stephen marrying this girl with the eyes of an angel and the tongue of a shrew. It frightened her to think that he would be putting everything he owned into her lovely, gold-digging little hands.

It was easy, almost too easy. Phyllis' eyes narrowed as she listened to the things Kendal was saying, the words no woman, however calculating, would take as a proposal from any man.

"I wish I had your luck," Kendal went on easily, ignoring Phyllis' baleful stare. "You put in a week of easy work and zip, you're Mrs. Stephen Dexter. Just between us you can write your own ticket. Dexter's in a spot where it would be very convenient if he got married to someone. Oh, not just anybody. You're his first choice. It's a wonderful chance for a girl like you."

"You can tell him, no!" Phyllis said. "But in your own way. You've got *so* much imagination."

The plane was ready to take off when Kendal reached the airport. She had been sure she was doing the right thing but her first qualms came when she saw Stephen's face.

"I couldn't get her to come," she said, and for the first time since she had known him she couldn't meet his eyes. "You mustn't blame her. No woman wants to get married just as a favor." She felt she had to add that to be fair.

Stephen turned away trying to hide his chagrin. "Well, it was a nice business when I had it," he said bitterly, and his words were little enough to cling to, but Kendal found solace in them. After all, it was his business he had thought of first.

Roger Van Horn looked at Kendal and grinned. "All you need is a woman you can trust Stephen," he suggested and with his grin and his eyes looking at Kendal, there wasn't a doubt who he meant. "It's just a formality you know. Any girl who can say 'I do' will do."

Stephen looked at Kendal and a curious



Above, STEPHEN has a hard time trying to explain his secretary's (KENDAL) phone call to PHYLLIS when he takes her to dinner at the exclusive Swan Club. Right, VAN HORN looks on as MUMFORD (William Davidson), of the Combine, learns he's been beaten by STEPHEN with KENDAL's help.



thing happened, for it was almost as if he were seeing her for the first time, seeing her not as a part of his office, but as a girl. A girl he had always liked in his maddening, taking-for-granted way.

"Well," he looked at her, his gray eyes crinkling in the corners the way they did when he smiled, "what do you say, Kendal?"

"I do," Kendal said. And then she turned away to hide the quick tears that came to her eyes, the silly tears that had no right to be there, knowing as she did that it didn't mean anything and she was a fool to feel the ridiculous happiness giving wings to her heart and her words.

A fool too, after that quick ride through the clouds, to feel that emotion almost of shyness as she stood beside him on the porch of the small white house where the local Justice of Peace lived. Over them were the stars, so close Kendal felt she could touch them just by reaching up her hands, and around them was the honey-sweet scent of flowers. It seemed so real, she almost forgot the reason Stephen was marrying her.

Then as his hand reached out to the fragrant shrub growing near the railing, she remembered, and the old laughing mockery came back in her voice.

"Go ahead," she nodded as his hand hesitated. "It's mock orange."

But when he picked the flower and gave it to her, she put it in his buttonhole and as they stood there, close, without speaking, listening to someone playing the wedding march on the parlor organ inside, it seemed almost real again.

A night bird sang in the garden and from the house inside came the solemn words of the wedding ceremony. And through the lighted window they saw a girl and a boy, their adoring eyes and breathless voices making a farce of the other ceremony that was to come. Stephen's face became grave as he heard the girl's whisper, the man's steady voice repeating the vows. "Kendal," he said then, "I don't know—perhaps—"

"It's all right, Stephen," she said steadily, taking his arm.

He smiled down on her. "You're a real friend, Kendal Browning," he whispered, his hand covering hers.

"Yes, yes, good old Kendal!" She mocked him. But her hand holding his trembled.

Again there was to come the sharp realization of how little it meant when they returned to New York and went to Stephen's house, for Roger was waiting for them and Kendal learned he was to live with them. It seemed so ridiculous, having a chaperone. And Roger Van Horn at that! Kendal could have laughed if she hadn't been so close to tears. She left them and went out into the garden and walking to the farthest end of it, stood leaning over the terrace overlooking the East River. Then in a little while Stephen joined her.

"You're a rare sort of woman, Kendal," he said. "You don't let people down. And I—well, I want to thank you for marrying me."

"You're welcome, I'm sure." Kendal forced the casual lightness to her voice. Then suddenly she became serious: "Oh, Stephen I don't feel like kidding about this. It's nothing, of course. No more than the sort of thing I do every day, seeing people for you, signing your letters, but—but those kids we saw, down there tonight—her eyes. Do you remember how she looked at him?"

And how could she know she was looking at Stephen in that same way, her eyes darkening under her tears so they looked so vulnerable and young that Stephen seeing them felt a quick rush of tenderness toward her. Suddenly he took a quick step toward her and she was in his arms, and his lips were finding hers in the darkness.

"No!" Kendal said then, and her small hands went out pushing him away from her.

Stephen's eyes showed their bewilderment and hurt as he looked at her. "You're my wife," he said.

"No!" Kendal shook her head. "I'm only the woman you married. I'm not here because you want me. I'm just a substitute."

"That's not so," Stephen said quietly. "Phyllis failed me."

"She didn't," Kendal whispered. And she knew then she had to be honest with Stephen even though he would despise her for what she had done. "She'd be here now if I hadn't lied to her. Well, now I've run out of lies."

"Then she *did* say yes," Stephen said coldly.

"She said no," Kendal whispered. "I made her. It wasn't a very nice trick, the way I put your bid. No woman likes to admit she is for sale."

"You made Phyllis believe I thought I could buy her?" Stephen looked at her incredulously. "You treated her as if she were cheap! It was contemptible of you."

Kendal felt she had said goodbye to him forever when she went to her room that night. She was ready to tell him so and offer him his freedom. But the next day when the office force clustered around, pelting them with rice and congratulations and they stood side by side pretending they were as happy as everyone thought they were, Kendal knew she wouldn't give in so easily. She loved Stephen and she was going to fight for him. For his sake as well as her own. For if the Combine suspected their marriage had been collusion they could win their case in any court in the country.

Even when he stood so stiffly at his desk, his eyes antagonistic as he told her he was going to see Phyllis wherever and whenever he wanted to, she swallowed her pride and took it.

"I know you're in love with me," Stephen said quietly.

"I am," Kendal's words came without either emphasis or emotion.

"I'm not going to marry you." Stephen told her and, as her eyebrows lifted, "that is—well, you know what I mean."

"Sure." Kendal still managed to keep that casual matter-of-fact tone in her voice. "You can lead a horse to water and so forth."

"You know this can't go on." He turned to the papers on his desk and pretended to look them over. "I give you my word that if I live to be a hundred and have white whiskers down to my knees I'll never lay hand on you, except maybe in anger."

"If I believed that, Stephen, I'd quit right now," Kendal said steadily. "But I can't. I love you and I'm going to go on loving you and some day you will come to me and say, 'Kendal, darling, *I* love *you.*'"

"I might have. Once upon a time. But now!" Stephen jerked at his trouser legs. "See these?" he asked. "They're pants! They're still a symbol of masculinity. There are a few men who do not like to be kicked in them—especially by a lady punter. It hurts their manly pride."

"Guess I *have* been a bit too athletic," Kendal managed a gamin grin. Then suddenly her voice softened. "Stephen, maybe—"

But she couldn't go on with the tears so close. She turned abruptly and went into her own office, and she tried not to listen as she heard Stephen call Phyllis and ask her to the Swan Club that evening. But she might as well have tried to avoid listening to a steam shovel. Stephen wanted her to hear that conversation!

"Of all the men in the world, why did I have to fall in love with you!" Kendal thought resentfully. It wasn't as if she had to go begging for love. It wasn't as if men didn't like her. Why, she could name dozens right off like that! José for one, who was a *bona fide* count, even if he didn't have a penny to his name. José had a great respect for Kendal, for she was practically the only woman he'd ever met who had failed to succumb to his charms. Kendal couldn't help a triumphant chuckle as she called him and asked him to meet her at the Swan Club for dinner. Why hadn't she thought of José before!

It was a different Kendal who swept into the Swan Club that night on José's arm. A Kendal whose dark hair was caught back from her forehead with a coronet of camelias, a Kendal wearing a glamorous evening gown and ermine jacket that accentuated the feminine softness of her new personality. She had checked her flip wisecracks with her office clothes and her smile was all sweetness as it met Stephen's scowl when they walked over to the table where he was sitting with Phyllis.

Stephen felt as if he was in a hideous nightmare. He hated Kendal at that moment but he couldn't show it. After all, they were supposed to be a honeymoon couple, weren't they, and so what could he do but smile at her and dance with her and pretend not to care when José turned the full force of his charm on Phyllis.

Phyllis might have combated the charm but she couldn't combat his importance. Kendal saw to that. Her conversation sparkled with José's strings of polo ponies, his suite at the Ritz, his haciendas in the Argentine, his yacht—Kendal caught herself just in time. "Wasn't it too bad the yacht was in dry dock?" she asked. She congratulated herself for that aside. Maybe she could manage the other things. But a yacht. That would have been too much.



KENDAL's heart lifted to her shining eyes when she heard STEPHEN say, "I'll follow you clear to heaven or wherever you go."

It took a lot of checks to finance José's courtship of Phyllis but Kendal signed them cheerfully. So José was lavish and Phyllis was interested and Stephen was jealous and Kendal—well, Kendal didn't dare think how she felt these days. For though José was making progress Stephen was still far in the lead and there was no doubt in her mind of his feeling for the lovely Phyllis.

Then came the day Kendal had feared from the beginning. She tried to be glad when she knew Stephen had won and the Combine was licked. But how could she even pretend when she knew it was the end of everything between herself and Stephen. If only there had been a little more time, a month, a week, even a few days!

Stephen came to her in the garden that night and for a long time they stood on the terrace overlooking the river and neither of them spoke. Then Kendal looked up at him.

"You've beaten them, haven't you?" she asked. "Nice work, Stephen."

"You've been a big help," Stephen said slowly.

"Have been?" Kendal asked.

"Yes, it's all over now." Stephen looked down at his cigarette flickering in the darkness. "Kendal, look," he went on abruptly. "I want you to have the best of everything, the best suite in the best hotel, anything you like, and when you—when it's over, well, Reno isn't far from Los Angeles and Los Angeles isn't far from Hawaii—"

"And Hawaii isn't far from Japan," Kendal put in bitterly, but Stephen went on as if she hadn't interrupted.

"I want you to have a swell, long, restful vacation," he finished, and was it her imagination or was his voice really unhappy? But of course it couldn't be, she told herself practically. Wasn't Stephen getting everything he wanted?

José was waiting for her when she went to the office next morning. "Kendal, she is in there with him," he said dramatically "And I am in love with her. On my own time."

"Have you told her about yourself?" Kendal asked.

"Certainly," José drew himself up proudly. "Of course, not everything. But today I planned to take her to a bench in the park and tell her I am poor and now—"

He stopped suddenly as the door opened and Stephen came out of his office, a sheaf of cancelled checks in his hand, his face furious as he looked at Kendal.

"These yours?" he asked, and his mouth was set in a stern grimace as he gave them to her and she saw they were the checks she had made out to José. "You cut-rate Casanova!" he glowered looking at José.

"I like José!" Kendal warned him.

"Go ahead! Like him, love him, marry him! But I don't want him hanging around!" Stephen thundered.

José started to say something and stopped as Phyllis walked slowly in from Stephen's office.

"Oh, José, how could you?" she asked, and Kendal was surprised to hear her voice trembling, to see the smudge of mascara her tears had left under her eyes. "You've been taking money from *her!* Oh, how could you be so cheap!"

"But Phyllis," José looked at her appealingly. "My pockets were so empty and my heart was so full. I love you."

"You spent her money on me!" Phyllis persisted.

"She thought I was investing it for her in a gold mine." José looked triumphantly at Kendal. "Didn't you?"

"No!" Kendal lifted her head. She was through with quibbling now and forever. "I knew he was spending it on her."

Stephen looked at her furiously. "I thought at least you had pride," he said, "but to marry me to get money to give to a man knowing he'd use it to win another woman!"

He looked at her, and suddenly he understood. So this had been part of her game, too, introducing José to Phyllis, planning the courtship that was intended to cut him out. "I get it now," he said ominously.

Kendal took José's arm. "Come on," she said, and then a strange thing happened, for Stephen, watching, knew his happiness was going with her. Infuriating, maddening as she was, he knew he loved her, seeing her walk away from him like this, her hand on another man's arm, her small head lifted in that proud gesture of defiance.

They were as far as the elevator when he reached them. And this time it was Kendal who retreated, squeezing her way to a corner of the elevator as Stephen came in after her. There was that quick glimpse of José and Phyllis jubilant as they stood looking at each other before the elevator started its descent, and then Stephen's voice grim in her ears.

"You'll never get away from me!" he threatened. "I'll chase you clear to heaven or wherever you go, but mind, I'm not giving in."

Kendal's heart lifted to her shining eyes. "No, darling," she whispered demurely. "See these?" she lifted the edge of her brief dress. "They're skirts!"

Of course she was lying through her teeth. Skirts would never mean anything more to Kendal than the latest lines, the latest flare, the smartest length. She was predatory and scheming and dominating. But somehow it didn't make any difference, not with her eyes shining and her smile coming breathlessly as she looked at him.

Stores Featuring Your Glamor Guide Fashions

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Beret by Hinchley Hats, Inc.

Atlanta, Rich's, Inc.
Cincinnati, H. & S. Pogue Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa., The Joseph Horne Co.
San Francisco, Livingston's
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

Necklace by Omar, Inc.

Baltimore, Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
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Cincinnati, Rollman & Sons Co.
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Dallas, A. Harris & Co.
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Kansas City, Mo., Harzfeld's
Memphis, B. Lowenstein, Inc.
Minneapolis, Powers Dry Goods Co.
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
New Haven, Hamilton & Co.
New Orleans, Maison Blanche Co.
New York, Saks 34th Street
Oklahoma City, Halliburton's
Omaha, J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Philadelphia, Snellenburgs
Providence, Cherry & Webb Co.
Rochester, E. W. Edwards & Son
St. Louis, Scruggs, Vandervoort Barney
St. Paul, Golden Rule
San Antonio, Joske Bros. Co.
San Francisco, Liebes Company
Syracuse, Flah & Co.
Toledo, LaSalle & Koch Co.
Tulsa, Brown Dunkins Dry Goods Co.
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh & Brother
Worcester, Denholm & McKay

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Suit by Fierman & Kolmer Co.

Los Angeles, The May Co.
New York, Arnold Constable & Co.
Seattle, Best's Apparel

Cloche by Betmar Hats, Inc.

Chicago, Marshall Field & Co.
New York, Lord & Taylor
New York, Saks 5th Avenue

Pigskin Gloves by Sand and Siman

Boston, C. F. Hovey Co.
Boston, R. H. Stearns
Bridgeport, D. G. Howland
Bridgeport, Meigs & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, Namms Dept. Store
Chicago, The Boston Store
Hartford, G. Fox & Co.
Milwaukee, Bucknall Bros.
Milwaukee, A. A. Goldman & Sons
Pittsburgh, Gimbel Brothers
Providence, R. I., The Shepard Co.

Scotch Cap by Betmar Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 52

Cardigan by Shepherd Knitwear, Inc.

Hollywood, Cal., Betty Blanc
Newark, Kresges Dept. Store
Salt Lake City, Grace P. Hawks

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Plaid Dress by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.

Baltimore, Stewart's
Boston, R. H. Stearns
Chicago, Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
Cincinnati, H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, The J. L. Hudson Co.
Los Angeles, Bullocks
Milwaukee, T. A. Chapman
Minneapolis, The Dayton Co.
Newark, Kresge Dept. Store
New York, Arnold Constable & Co.
New York, Bloomingdale's
New York, R. H. Macy & Co.
Oakland, The H. C. Capwell Co.
Pittsburgh, The Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Oregon, Meier and Frank
Rochester, McCurdy & Co.
St. Louis, Stix Baer & Fuller
San Diego, The Marston Co.
Toledo, LaSalle & Koch Co.
Washington, D. C., Lansburgh & Brother

Hood Coat by Siegal Bros.

Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Company
Cleveland, The May Company
Detroit, The J. L. Hudson Co.
New York, R. H. Macy & Co.

Rayon Dress by Mayflower Dress Co., Inc.

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Dress Coat by Barkin-Levin

Buffalo, The Wm. Hengerer Co.
Cincinnati, Kline's
Portland, Oregon, Meier and Frank

Turban by Betmar Hats, Inc.

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Gloves by Sand & Siman

See Preceding List—Page 52

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Velveteen Suit by Berkeley Juniors, Inc.

Detroit, The J. L. Hudson Company
Los Angeles, Bullocks
New York, Bloomingdale's

Visor by Betmar Hats, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 52

Bag by Westerman-Rosenberg, Inc.

Chicago, Chas. A. Stevens
Cleveland, The Lindner Co.
Detroit, Himelhoch Bros. Co.
Hollywood, Cal., Broadway-Hollywood
New York, Franklin Simon & Co.
New York, James McCreery & Co.
New York, Saks 5th Avenue
Pittsburgh, Gimbel Brothers

Pearl and Gold Jewelry by Lisanda

Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Brooklyn, Abraham & Straus
Canton, Ohio, Stern-Mann
Chicago, Chas. A. Stevens
Cincinnati, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, The Higbee Co.
Detroit, The J. L. Hudson Co.
Indianapolis, The Wm. H. Block Co.
Milwaukee, The Boston Store
New York, Bloomingdale's
New York, R. H. Macy & Co.
New York, Saks 34th St.
New York, Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Bonwit-Teller
Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Joseph Horne Co.
St. Paul, Emporium

Felt Beret by Hinchley Hats, Inc.

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Suede Pouch Bag by Westerman-Rosenberg, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 55

Marvella Nature-Dipped Pearl Twist by Weinreich Bros.

See Preceding List on Lisanda—Page 55

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Beaded Sleeve Gown by Columbia Dance Frocks

Chicago, Carson, Pirie, Scott Co.
East Orange, Franklin Simon & Co.
Greenwich, Franklin Simon & Co.
New York, Franklin Simon & Co.

Rhinestone Studded Kerchief by J. H. Kimball, Inc.

Brooklyn, Frederick Loeser & Co.
Madison, Wisc., Harry S. Manchester
New York, Bonwit-Teller
Pittsburgh, Kauffman's Fifth Avenue

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Skirt & Topper by Jon Barry

Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Company
Cincinnati, The John Shillito Co.
Columbus, F. & R. Lazarus Co.
New York, Franklin Simon & Co.
New York, Stern Brothers
Rochester, B. Forman & Co.

Pearl Locket by Omar, Inc.

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Jewelry by Omar, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 51

Sequin Kerchief by J. H. Kimball, Inc.

See Preceding List—Page 56





Many oh's and ah's were heard when Joan Valerie arrived, with Edgar Bergen, above left, at a recent gala opening looking exquisite in this dainty sheer, white frock and the latest thing in evening wear for the head. Judy Ford went on the arm of Bruce Cabot, above, and all onlookers remarked about what a handsome couple they made.

You Movie Fans Aren't So Dumb!

Continued from page 23

rights, with orders from booksellers pouring in before publication, with syndicate and translation markets guaranteed, he can work quietly at home and make more money than even Hollywood pays.

But the subject held a special appeal for him. Before writing "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," he had delved deep into Mormon lore, and probably knows more about Brigham Young than anyone outside the Mormon church. Without the necessity for research, three quarters of the work was already done. Besides, he was eager to discover what ten years had wrought in Hollywood, whether he, as an American writer—back in his own country for good—could establish with the movie center a working relationship that would satisfy both. He found he could—partly because he was in a position to make his own terms, partly because Hollywood is in the throes of transition.

"For myself," he says, "I would still never work under contract, but only between novels and only if I get a picture I like." That he's kept himself free of studio ties is amply evidenced by his having written "Brigham Young" for Twentieth Century-Fox, sold "It All Came True," the recent Ann Sheridan number to Warners, "Night in Bombay" to Metro, and "A Story of Old New Orleans" to Columbia.

The Columbia deal was an unusual one. They bought film rights while Bromfield was still at work on the book. The picture will go into production simultaneously with serial publication in a magazine, and will be released when the book comes out. Thus picture and book will each profit by the exploitation value of the other. It's an ideal business arrangement, possible only when the writer is assured of publication in a popular magazine and of wide book sales.

Bromfield flies to Hollywood for a conference or two in connection with each script, but the bulk of his writing is done at home in Ohio. He can't work on the West Coast. "It's not my kind of country or my kind of life. I find it distracting. There are too many people wanting you to do too many extraneous things, and even just saying no takes a lot of time."

He realizes that his own case isn't typical, but he sees a change in attitude toward writers generally. "For the first time the screen is becoming a real medium for them, which is why I'm chiefly interested. Not," he grins, "that people like my old boss like them any better. Fundamentally, it's a question of economics. As long as you have a business—which Hollywood is—and as long as that business makes money, nobody's going to be allowed to try innovations. In the old silent days you couldn't lose money in pictures. It was a new kind of cheap entertainment that couldn't go wrong. Then, after ten years, the silents went into a slump. People got tired of the gags and the formulas. Hollywood was scared to death. Then along came the talkies —another novelty and another lease on life. Ten years more, and it happened all over again. The public got to know the answers, and they weren't good enough.

"You can't feed them pap any more. They're adults. You can't live in the world as it is today without growing up. You can't escape realities. They hit you between the eyes every time you pass a newsstand. Incidentally, I'd like to make a bow to Warners for facing live questions. In that grand picture, 'Zola,' they soft-pedalled the anti-Semitic issue. There was just one shot of a record that said *Alfred Dreyfus-Jewish.* But in *'Dr. Ehrlich'* they brought it out into the open, where such infamies belong so they can be throttled. It's the movies, not the fans, who've been guilty of the twelve-year-old attitude. Now they're beginning to be dragged into maturity by their audiences. They've seen the handwriting on the wall. For wall, in this case, means box office.

"They're beginning to realize too that no star can carry a bad story, not even Tracy. All they have to do is look at the figures, and the answer's there. For the first time, picture business is headed for the place that the theater started at five thousand years ago. The public will come if it's a good picture and won't if it isn't. It's no good saying any longer, 'We've got to give them sweet entertainment.' Especially after 'Grapes of Wrath' and 'Of Mice and Men.' You couldn't get a more unpleasing story than 'Of Mice and Men,' or one starker in its realities than 'Grapes of Wrath.' Yet people flocked to see them while fifty sweet entertainments perished by the wayside.

"It hasn't been entirely the fault of producers. Exhibitors have a lot to answer for. They've brought pressure on Hollywood to produce so many pictures a year. They refuse to stop double billing. They'll show a picture, clear eight thousand dollars and pull it out the following week, because it can't make more than three thousand, which is also a profit. Instead of squeezing every last drop out of it, they skim off the cream and toss the milk away. If the owner of a legitimate theater ran his business that way, he'd be called crazy, and rightly so.

"It's the famous vicious circle. It means that Hollywood has to produce five hundred pictures a year. Well, since the world

began, there haven't been more than five hundred stories and at that, I'm being optimistic. So how can you get that many a year, and year after year? There's bound to be dross, as long as such conditions hold. Lots of producers know that lots of stories are rotten, but they have to make 'em to feed the insatiable maw.

"The result is that stars make too many pictures a year and shorten the term of their earning capacity. The same thing's true of screen writers under contract. It's impossible for a man or woman, I don't care how gifted he or she may be, to turn out seven or eight good scripts a year. Nine out of ten overwork. I myself know several excellent screen writers who've been ruined by the intolerable pace.

"That's one reason why I won't work in Hollywood at three thousand a week. I work on a specified guarantee for a specified job. Suppose you feel you need another week or two to perfect the script. There's always that three thousand dollars hanging over your head. Another week's polishing will cost the studio a pile of money, which makes you uneasy. If you're a gyp writer, who's trying to string it out, the cost is awful. Either way, everybody comes out wrong in the end.

"But now it's beginning to be different. Writers are chosen more carefully. Even the most backward companies are willing to experiment. It used to work something like this. A, the producer, would hire B, the writer. A might be the kind of executive who knew how to produce a good picture, who really had ideas. If B's ideas didn't square with his, out they'd go. A was the boss and B was the hired help. B would have to suppress or warp to unnatural ends the very creative ability he'd been hired for. Which was bad enough. It was worse when A happened—and happened quite often—to be a man who didn't know what was a character and what was a plot. He'd fire B and hire C and so on down the line to X, Y and Z. And instead of a story, he'd come out in the end with a sausage.

"Well, the day for that kind of stupidity is just about over. With the European market shot and Americans growing choosier, they're not going to be allowed to throw money around the way they used to. But that's only the most recent factor. Things started changing before the war. All the younger men, who've grown up with the business, are making their influence felt. They know that you can't survive without a story. They respect the writer and what he has to offer. They leave him alone. They let him work with the director.

"For years the Capra-Riskin combination has been turning out intelligent pictures which have also been major hits. You'd think that would have given the others an idea long ago. It's true we can't all be Capras and Riskins, but what's wrong with being John Ford and Dudley Nichols?

"I said a while back that there weren't more than five hundred stories in the world. But there are five thousand ways of telling the same story, good, bad and horrible. The Spewacks didn't pretend to have an original situation in 'My Favorite Wife.' They lifted Enoch Arden out of the nineteenth century, reversed the sexes, stuck their tongues into their cheeks and wrote one of the most enchanting comedies that ever came out of Hollywood. If you'd had forty-two minds working on the same situation, all thwarting each other, you'd have got cheap hash. The Spewacks were permitted to use unhampered what they'd been engaged to use—their wit, their imagination, their individuality. That's what storytellers are for—to give a story distinction, the flavor of their own style, without which it's bound to be a hackneyed formula. The producer's job is to pick writers and directors who know their business and, once he's picked them, to keep his hands off their work.

"The writer-director combination, which is growing more and more popular in Hollywood, is ideally suited to screen technique. That combination used to be the exception. Now RKO specializes in it, and other studios are following suit. Ten minds with nothing but gags to contribute are ten too many. Two minds, working in harmony, will produce a sense of reality and that unity of feeling which is essential to any art. And I don't apologize for using the word art. Story-telling *is* an art, whether through the medium of the printed word or the screen.

"What's more, one good writer costs less than ten mediocrities. That seems so obvious that the layman stands aghast before the old hit-or-miss method, with salary piled on top of salary, till two hundred thousand for a piece of tripe becomes a commonplace. Well, it's not a commonplace any longer, because the public isn't paying two hundred thousand dollars worth of quarters to see tripe.

"There's even hope that they'll put an end to the double bill nuisance. How? By proving they'd rather sit through one good picture than an evening of stew. I've yet to hear a man or woman I know speak one good word for the double bill. Either you get two lemons, which are supposed to make up in quantity what they lack in quality, and that's like saying that two bowls of slop are tastier than one—or the picture you do want to see goes on at a time that interferes with your normal dinner hour or keeps you up till one A.M.

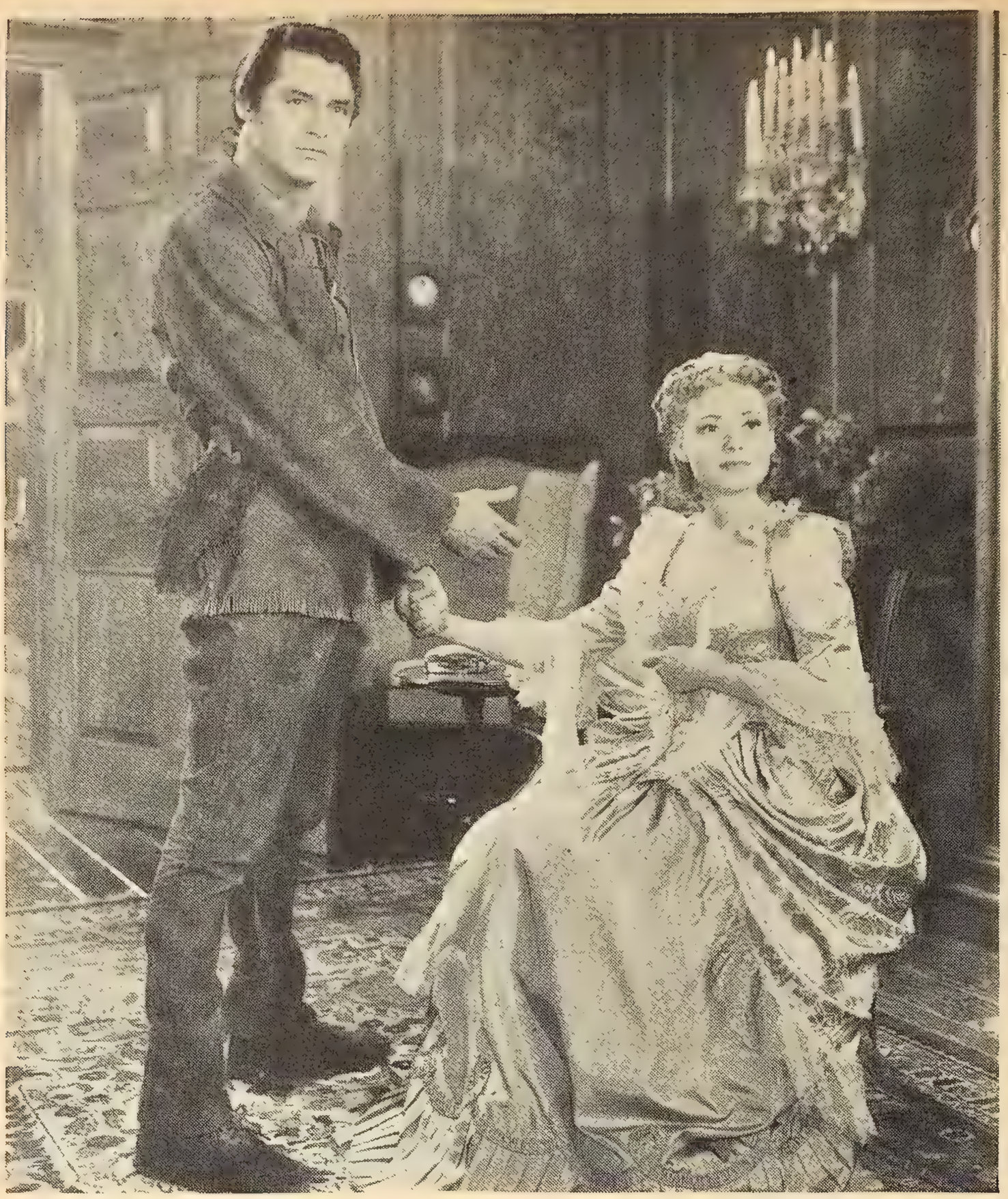
"Now there are signs pointing to the possibility that within three or four years all pictures, instead of a few, will be made the way they should be made. Every story has its own length. They can't all be squeezed into an hour and twenty minutes. 'Gone With the Wind' needed four hours. Rebecca' and 'Grapes of Wrath' needed two. When I saw the latter, they were shown with a short and a newsreel, and the audience went home happy. I didn't hear anyone yell that he'd been cheated.

"Whoever's dumb, it isn't the people!" His tone was grim, as if he had more than the movies in mind, when he added: "I still believe in democracy."

The thousands of movie fans who gathered to see their favorites arriving for the première were treated to this friendly sight of Connie Bennett, waving gaily, and accompanied by Richard Ainsley, below right. Olivia de Havilland stood by smiling approval while Jimmy Stewart, below, addressed crowd in his shy, boyish manner.







This scene from "The Howards of Virginia," gay and romantic story of the early days of Virginia, shows Cary Grant and Martha Scott as MATT HOWARD and JANE PEYTON.

Catching Up with Martha Scott

Continued from page 24

when the hounds finally corner him. That's how Cary must have felt when the co-eds surrounded him.

"After a few days, the situation became so upsetting to the actors that the Dean had to issue special orders that none of the students were to molest the production unit. He permitted extras to be chosen from the group of honor students at the College. But in spite of that Cary was the most popular man that ever visited Williamsburg within the last hundred years. They even woke him at two and three o'clock in the morning asking for his autographs and they bombarded him with invitations to all sorts of parties and receptions. But if he accepted them all, he wouldn't have had a minute in which to work. And I daresay, if you go back to Williamsburg right now, you'll find that most of the feminine population of the town have lost their hearts to Cary—and I can hardly blame them.

"There's something very dashing and gallant about him. Something that appeals to every girl. And as for me—well, playing with him in 'The Howards of Virginia' makes me readily understand why most of the women in the country are so crazy about him. He certainly seems to have all the requirements for the ideal man."

Martha is too shy to tell of Cary's first reaction when he saw her. For a time, there was a great deal of uncertainty as to who was to play the leading feminine rôle in this film. At first, Joan Fontaine was scheduled for it but she became ill and had to be replaced. When Director Lloyd told Cary about the possibility of using Martha for the part and showed him some of the tests, Cary's eyes popped open in interest. "Say," he whistled approvingly, "she's swell. You'd better get hold of her in a hurry!"

And when he met Martha on the set, Cary was sure that his impression of her from her tests was even less favorable than the one he got meeting her in person. There was the same wholesome look about her that sets her apart from most of Hollywood's actresses. And her intelligence was a continual delight to Cary. Of course, there were immediate rumors that Cary had found a brand new girl—and anything or anyone that interests Grant always interests the entire film colony. There was a rush to view Miss Scott and there were nods of approval at his good selection. Whether a romance develops between Martha and Cary is something that is being discussed all the way from Beverly Hills to Broadway. But neither Martha nor Cary will confirm or contradict the inferences. When you ask Martha for the real low-down on how she regards this rumored romance, she's likely to give you one of her clever, though confusing answers, by saying "What, me in love with Grant! Why, the competition in Williamsburg alone would be more than I could endure. Maybe I'm a bit selfish but when I fall in love, I don't feel much like sharing the man of my dreams with a million other women. I want him all for myself."

In spite of this statement, there are some who advise a close watch in those love scenes between Martha and Cary in "The Howards of Virginia." That, they say, will give you a pretty fair hint of the romance—especially if you watch the gleam in their eyes.

And so Martha Scott of Jamesport, Missouri, who started out in life with every honest intention of embracing the dull, humdrum existence of a small-town schoolmarm, finds herself in a world of glamor and excitement and breathtaking drama—a world where anything can and many things do happen as quickly as the flicker of an eyelid. The diverting finger of fate pushed her gently out of her chosen path and steered her from a quiet, peaceful existence to a hectic Hollywood career.

"It wasn't until I started going to high school," she explains, "that I was really bitten by the teaching bug. Ida Lilly, one of my instructors, was responsible. She took me under her wing. I adored her and thought the teaching profession was the greatest in the entire world. So I decided then and there that was what I was going to be. In a measure, Miss Lilly is the one who is really responsible for my becoming an actress. It was she who sent me to the University of Michigan—my own family being too poor to afford it. But when I was graduated, I taught for six months. That convinced me, I just wasn't cut out to be a school teacher. And because I had been active in the play production department at the University, I decided to become an actress.

"But what weight did my decision carry against fate?" Martha laughs. "Instead of appearing before the footlights, I soon found myself behind a department store counter. That was in Chicago. But then I heard that the Bonstelle Theater in Detroit was going to have a winter company. I immediately jumped on a bus and when I landed in Detroit, I convinced the manager to give me bits and walk-on parts. When the season was over, back I went to Ann Arbor and became head of the properties department in the college repertory company. They paid me just ten dollars a week—but I learned a lot.

"The following season I returned to the Bonstelle Theater and after that I toured the state with the Aimee Loomis stock company. Then I joined the Globe Theater and for five months we played abbreviated versions of Shakespearean plays in Chicago. We put on seven shows on week days and eight on Saturdays and Sundays—with no days off.

"If I ever doubted that actors and actresses had to work hard, if I was just showing the world that I was from Missouri, then this turn was certainly showing me what I wanted to be shown! It was hard work at the Globe. Rehearsals started at eleven in the morning. The first show went on at one-thirty. The final curtain dropped at ten-thirty. Then rehearsals until midnight. For all this I received twenty-five dollars a week. After two years of this, I was determined to get to New York, the goal of every struggling young actress. As soon as I saved $150, I packed my bag and took a train East. I landed in the big city with fifty dollars and a lot of enthusiasm. The second week there I found a place in a summer stock company but that lasted only two weeks. For the remainder

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CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)		YES	NO
1	Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2	When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3	Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4	Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5	Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6	Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7	Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8	Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		





SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR *Good Fair or Terrible* NEWS

of the summer I was without work. Then came a bit in a radio show with Orson Welles—a nightly presentation of ghost stories in the well-known eerie style of his.

"I thought I was all set. But I wasn't! All I was able to get during the next few months was a little radio work. As far as the theater was concerned, no one seemed to want me. Again I signed up for summer theater work and my big break came when I met Evelyn Warden. To her, I owe a great deal."

At about that time Jed Harris, the Broadway producer, was casting "Our Town" and needed an *Emily*. Miss Warden got the part of *Mother Gibbs* and when Harris asked her if she knew anyone who could play the girl, Miss Warden immediately suggested Martha Scott.

Martha almost lost out on that assignment which was to bring her talents to the attention of the world. Harris had a time finding her. When he finally did, she was already rehearsing for another play. But she leaped at his offer and jumped into the part that turned out to be the pivotal point in her career.

When David Selznick was casting "Gone With the Wind," someone suggested her for the rôle of *Melanie*. She even flew to Hollywood and was tested. But she didn't get the assignment. So back she went to New York and did some more radio work. After that, she returned to the coast to appear in the road company of "Our Town."

When Martha was signed for her first screen rôle, she was happier than the most stage-struck youngster getting her first part. Deep in her heart there was a reason for it. She knew that a lot of people back home might have scoffed at her attempts to get to be an actress—and being a born-and-bred Missourian, Martha waited a long time before she could show them.

The first person to learn the good news was Miss Lilly, the Kansas City High School teacher who had loaned her the fifteen hundred dollars to get an education. The minute Martha signed her contract, she asked for an advance of a hundred dollars. "Why do you want it?" asked Lesser. "To finish paying a debt," Martha answered. And as soon as she got the money, she wired it to Miss Lilly—the last installment on the fifteen hundred dollar loan.

As she sits before you telling her story, simply and sincerely, without any reservations, without any desire to hide the facts or embellish them, she immediately strikes your fancy. She makes you think of a trusting child who starts through life with an overwhelming faith in everything and everybody. Martha springs from hardy, simple people, people whose lives are lived honestly, who trust their fellow men and have no use for sham and pretense. In a land like Hollywood, where sham and pretense seem indispensable, it will be interesting to see whether the environment changes Martha or she changes her environment.

Checking Up on Cary Grant

Continued from page 25

about Cary is his appreciation of what anyone does for him. He doesn't wear his feelings on his sleeve, but down inside his emotions boil and seethe like Charybdis. At that time he didn't say much but I could tell from the way he looked at me how deeply he felt about my frankness. As a matter of fact, what he said was, "Shut up!"

Another thing I like about Cary is that he'll stop at nothing to prove a point—even



The honor of being the youngest holder of a Social Security number belongs to three-day-old Kathleen Jewell, who plays Cary Grant's daughter in "The Howards of Virginia." A professional nurse is always on hand when the baby's on the set.

if he has to make a liar of his best friends to do it. He started free-lancing and almost immediately became one of the highest-salaried and most sought leading men in the business. The drab routine of his performances at Paramount was supplanted by a zip and sparkle that even I, who always look for the worst in everybody, never suspected he had.

"It sure makes a difference whether you're under contract and know you're going to get paid regardless, or whether you have to depend on each day's work to make sure you're going to eat the next, doesn't it?" I suggested amiably.

"Do I have to break your neck to close that trap of yours?" Cary snapped murderously—but his eyes caressed me—in exactly the same way Humphrey Bogart's hands caress his gun on the screen.

"Well," I temporized, "as long as you've gone and made a liar of me, perhaps you won't mind telling me how you did it?"

Cary grinned. "If you mean how did I make a liar out of you, it's the easiest thing in the world. You can't keep your trap closed so all anyone has to do is sit back and let nature take its course. It's only a question of time until you put a verbal noose around your own neck."

"Ha-ha," I laughed. "Very funny. Ve-ry funny, indeed. I meant how did you fool producers into giving you all these fat parts when your portrayals at Paramount were drab, rou—"

"You've been over all that before," Cary interrupted briskly. "My story runs something like this: at Paramount when I arrived on the lot, they had Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and Fredric March—all top-notch names. When they had a picture going into production they tried to interest one of those boys in it. If they could not sell one of them the idea of doing that particular script they called me in and, in a very indifferent voice, said, 'Grant, here's your next script.' That meant I was doing all the pictures nobody else wanted to do. They were mostly 'B' pictures and not very good ones at that. Moreover, they were would-be dramas and I knew I should be playing comedies."

"Ah," I murmured, "a voice crying in the wilderness."

Cary toyed absent-mindedly with a paper knife as he continued—once more. "The first decent part I ever had in pictures was



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"We Who Are Young," a story of two youngsters who fight for existence against the rush of a great metropolitan city, introduces the new romantic team of Lana Turner and John Shelton. Lana, you know, recently separated from her husband, Artie Shaw.

in 'Eagle and the Hawk' and then I was playing second fiddle to March and Carole Lombard. It was a good part, though, and the front office patted me on the back. Then Mae West came along and gave me the lead in 'She Done Him Wrong.'"

"I remember," I nodded encouragingly. "You were the original 'Tall, Dark and Handsome.'"

Cary made a gesture of despair. "If it weren't for this interview," he informed me, "the Mook voice would have been stilled forever, long 'ere this. I hadn't much to do in the picture but it was an important picture."

"Important!" I echoed. "Why, my boy, do you realize that picture gave buxom women a new lease on life—and men?"

"And I was borne along on the tide," Cary admitted.

"On the corset," I amended.

"Well, anyhow," he resumed, "producers began to notice me. I was borrowed by M-G-M for the lead with Jean Harlow in 'Suzy.' And then RKO borrowed me for the lead with Hepburn in 'Sylvia Scarlett.'"

"I heard you were the only good thing about that masterpiece," I conceded. "I didn't see it because Hepburn was in it."

"You keep her name off your filthy tongue," Cary screamed in a mock falsetto. "She's a lady—and a swell egg. Moreover, *she* has talent."

"Go right ahead," I urged him, picking the knife out of my back. "Did you ever hear that poem about 'the stolid saint and the sparkling sinner?'"

"I'm not interested in smokehouse poetry," he rejoined virtuously. "But the picture gave me a start—finally. Then I went back to Paramount and when I had to do 'The Last Outpost' I thought it was time to call 'quits'—especially as my contract expired before it was released. I figured I could get a job or two on the strength of 'Suzy' and 'Sylvia.'"

"Hiding behind women's skirts, eh?" I jibed.

"Why people put up with you I've never been able to figure out," he snapped. "Do you want an interview or do you merely want someone to listen to your feeble wisecracks?"

"Go on," I begged meekly.

"All right. But," he admonished, "keep a civil tongue in your head. An actor's career is nothing to be made mock of."

"Not when it pays off like yours does," I agreed.

"After I left Paramount I had quite a little time on my hands. I was living at the beach. Hal Roach likes to swim and he likes to play backgammon. So do I. So he used to spend quite a little time at the house and he mentioned that he was going to do 'Topper.' He also mentioned it was a comedy. I got the book and read it and from then on out I knew I was going to play 'Topper.' Hal wasn't so sure. It was his first feature-length production and he didn't know how it would go. He was having to cut corners and he didn't know if he could pay the salary my agent had thoughtfully placed on my services. I offered to do the part for nothing. He didn't know about that. So I learned a couple of scenes and acted them out for him. I finally sold him on the idea of giving me the part and agreed to wait for my salary until he began to get some returns from the releases. Since 'Topper' it's been smooth sailing. I did 'The Awful Truth,' with Irene Dunne, 'Bringing Up Baby,' with Hepburn, 'Holiday,' with Hepburn, 'Gunga Din,' 'Only Angels Have Wings,' 'In Name Only,' with Lombard, 'His Girl Friday,' 'My Favorite Wife,' with Irene Dunne, and now Frank Lloyd's 'Howards of Virginia.'"

"I will say, Cary," I remarked seriously, "you have certainly made a believer of me. When I saw you on the New York stage in 'Nikki' (and it was a comedy, too) if anyone had ever told me you could turn in the performances you have I'd have demanded that a psychiatrist pass judgment on me or my informer and I don't mind telling you I'd have been the loser."

"Thanks, Jerk," Cary acknowledged the compliment. "You don't seem to realize that was ten years ago. Anyone who is in a business that long *has* to pick up some knowledge of it. The trouble is, people always remember a person as he was when they first met him. You might know a shoe clerk in a store. If you went back ten years later and he was manager you'd shake your head and say, 'Holy smoke! Why, that guy's as dumb as they come. How did he ever get to be manager?' Possibly he isn't the brightest person in the world but you wouldn't stop to consider he'd been there ten years and would have to know something about shoes. He'd almost *have* to know more than some new man. And so I—even if I were as dumb as you seem to think I am—would, in ten years, have had to learn something about the technique of picture-making. Timing, etc. If I've improved I think it's a natural evolution coupled with the fact I'm getting better parts." He paused a moment. "While you're doing an interview, there's something else I'd like to get off my chest. I've taken considerable rappings from the press for supposedly turning down good parts. Well, I *don't* turn down good parts. You see, when an actor free-lances he is what is known as 'Public Domain.' Any producer can announce him for any part. What they mean is, they're going to *try* to get him for that part. They can't announce an actor who is under contract to a studio because they first have to take up the matter of a loan-out with the heads of his studio. If the executives say 'no' that ends it right there.

"When you're free-lancing, it's different. I've been announced for more pictures than I can remember. *I* knew, *and the studios knew,* I couldn't do them. But they announced me for the leads, all the same. For instance, M-G-M announced me for the lead with Garbo in 'Ninotchka.' My commitments wouldn't permit me to do the part, much as I should have loved doing it. Both the studio and I knew it was impossible—but they announced me, nevertheless. When the film was released and was a big success all the columnists hopped on me and said, 'He picks his parts, eh? What does he know about scripts, turning down one of the best parts of the year!' The same thing happened when DeMille was casting 'North West Mounted Police.' He *did* speak to me about it but he'll be shooting at the same time I'm working on 'Howards of Virginia' so it was impossible, even though I've always wanted to work with him because he is an important director. Paramount announced me notwithstanding and I took another razzing."

"Why do they do it if they know you can't make the picture?" I queried.

"It creates advance interest in the picture," he explained.

"When you're free-lancing why can't you do these parts?" I persisted.

"I have a contract with Columbia for two pictures a year and another contract with RKO for three pictures every two years. In other words, I do three and a half pictures a year."

"Perhaps I'll be lucky enought to catch just the half picture sometime," I suggested.

"The best way to treat an insult," Cary informed me, "is to pretend not to understand it. We'll proceed. Columbia have the preference on my services. If neither they nor RKO have a story ready for me I can do an outside film. Understand what I mean?"

"Sure," I agreed magnanimously. "But what I *don't* understand, after seeing you in 'Nikki,' is how you turn in performances like—"

"Excuse me," Cary interrupted briefly, "this is where I forget you came in." He started away, turned and glared at me. "I'll see you next year sometime—if you're not in the bughouse by then."

"Yah!" I jeered, "me and Hepburn. You'll get us together yet, Cary."

But all at once I realized I was talking to myself and they really do put people in the bughouse for that.

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Carole Landis basks in the caresses of Old Man Sol as she rests at the pool's edge, following a good half-hour of strenuous swimming, in her favorite, new printed swimsuit.

Hollywood's Gayest Romance

Continued from page 32

and George Brent were in the throes of a romance I said, darn it, there's another gay girl gone dreary on us; I said, how sad Hollywood night life will be without Ann's hearty laugh, not to mention her dream of a rumba, which has *made* the trip for many a tired tourist. (There was no point in crying over Brent because George is on the gloom side and never has been exactly a Laughing Boy.) Those two, we Hollywood gossips said in disgust, those two will probably get the award—several volumes of the Congressional Record—for being the dullest romantic couple of the year. What a pity. Ann was always such fun.

Well, imagine my surprise when I bumped into them in the Green Room on the Warners lot at lunch one day and found them simply laughing their heads off like a couple of charming maniacs. And not just Ann, mind you—George, too! Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, ex-girl friends of the fascinating Mr. Brent, looked up from their green salads in baffled amazement. George had never laughed like that before!

And then when I ran into them at La Conga one night and found George, still laughing, dancing a hot rumba with the Oomph Girl—and pretending to be very angry when he failed to get the prize—I decided that there was something decidedly novel about Hollywood's newest romance. It *wasn't* stuffy. It bore out my old theory that two young people could be in love and still have a sense of humor. This is a romance, I said, that's well worth investigating. A romance not in keeping with the Hollywood tradition, a romance that's "different."

The George Brent-Ann Sheridan romance got off to a fine start by the exchange of glares, chilling, insulting, and deadly. George was having a cultural interlude with beautiful Olivia de Havilland who was going through one of those serious arty phases that all young actresses go through, and Ann was having herself a merry time of it in the better night clubs with genial, likeable Cesar Romero, the best dancer among Hollywood's unattached males. George and Ann were constantly running into each other on the Warner lot where they were both working. George would glare at Ann and she would glare right back at him.

"He always looked so serious," said Ann, "that I was afraid to speak to him. So I'd just glare. Sometimes he wouldn't even bother to glare back."

Because Ann had a way of throwing back her head and laughing when she heard or saw something funny George decided that she was loud. And because she was always wearing a sexy, all-revealing dress (the wardrobe department's idea of what the public wanted) on her way to her set George decided that she was vulgar. He was fully convinced of it when she suddenly became the "Oomph Girl." That was too much for Mr. Brent. Anybody with a title like that would have to be cheap and common. Of course if George hadn't been so busy disliking Ann he would have realized that she had absolutely nothing to do with having Oomph Girl tossed at her, that it disgusted her sensibilities just as much as it did his. George had been around studios long enough to know that when a publicity department decides to stick a trade-mark on a player there's nothing the poor gal can do about it. (He's the first one to tell you now that Ann is the victim of bad publicity.)

So George thought Ann cheap and vulgar and Ann thought George the original sourpuss, and the Brent-Sheridan romance might never have got started if George hadn't decided one day to go "slumming." Now George is much too much of a gentleman to call visiting a Sheridan set "slumming," but Ann says that's what he thought and if he thought it he might as well say it. Anyway, it was during the production of "It All Came True" and news sort of drifted around the studio that Ann Sheridan was going to do her corset scene that afternoon and, oh boy, Ann in a corset was something! The boys from the mail department, from the story department, from the publicity department, from the art department all managed to find an excuse to wander over to the "It All Came True" set. Ditto a few executives, and a batch of actors.

Among the latter was Pat O'Brien who had just finished a scene with George in "'Til We Meet Again" and who whispered to him, "Come on over to the Sheridan set." "Oh, all right," said George reluctantly. "Just for a moment." Needless to say, he spent most of the afternoon.

When she had finished a "take" and was jumping into her robe, much to the dismay of a bunch of tourists who had at last found something in Hollywood to write home about, poor Ann was almost startled out of her wits by Mr. Brent who was casually saying, "What are you doing Saturday night?"

"Well," said Ann, telling about it later, "I thought, what fun does he get out of life? I should go out with a face that long."

She said to him, "All right, Joe. I'll be seeing you, Joe."

"Where do you live?" asked George.

"Way out in the Valley," said Ann with her tongue in her cheek. "Miles and miles away from everything. On an old dirt road. It takes days to find the place."

"Well," said Ann, telling about it later, "I thought that was the last of Mr. Brent. He disappeared abruptly, and I didn't see him again for a week. Then one day he turned up on the set again. I was rehearsing so he made signals. He pointed to himself and to me and then pretended to be eating. I thought he meant for me to have lunch with him so I nodded yes. I arrived in the Green Room, and no George. I ate my lunch, and still no George. So, I said to myself, I'm being stood up."

And I'm afraid that's not all Miss Sheridan said to herself. Ann may have the sweetest disposition of any actress in Hollywood, but you never would have guessed it that day. That night Ann took her ruffled feelings out to dinner with Director Anatole Litvak and when she returned was informed by her maid that "that Mr. Brent had been there to take her to dinner, and that he was awful put out."

Explanations were in order at the studio the next day and George kept a luncheon date with her, and she kept a dinner date with him. Ann discovered that George had a grand sense of humor and could laugh just as loud, and often, as she could. And George discovered that those horrible clothes the studio made her wear in her pictures and that nauseating Oomph Girl publicity had nothing to do with the real Ann at all—the real Ann being one of the nicest girls he has ever known. And so, at long last, the Brent-Sheridan romance got going.

When the Hollywood gals fall in love they invariably go overboard about it. They become so absorbed in their beloved that they completely lose their own personality. They lose all those charming traits that attracted the male to them in the first place. Now Hollywood actors may be conceited, I'm not the one to say they are or they aren't, but no matter how much they love themselves they certainly don't want their girl friends to be exact replicas of themselves. It must be awfully boring to be in love with an echo, and a mirror. Well, Ann and George don't have to worry about that. Ann Sheridan is still Ann Sheridan no matter how much she loves George Brent and he loves her. Their romance is one of

those happy compromises, just like all romances should be. George likes nothing better than to sail his boat off the coast of Catalina, so on Sundays when she has a day off from the studio (Ann is about the busiest actress in Hollywood) Ann goes sailing with George. Ann likes to dance, so one or two nights out of the week she and George will show up at one of the night clubs, or perhaps at one of the Mexican jernts down town where the music is grand, but not the guests. George was never one for night clubs (he prefers the Beachcombers, or Harry's Steak House out in the Valley) and Ann's description of her first date with him at Ciro's is most amusing. "When we got out of the car he put on his dark glasses," said Ann. "Imagine Sheridan in Ciro's with a man who doesn't want to be seen."

Neither one of them likes Hollywood parties or gala premières so they don't even have to compromise about those. George has promised Ann never to see any of her pictures (fancy that—Mr. Brent has *never* seen a Sheridan picture!) which all goes to prove that she is not at all pleased with the kind of parts she is having to play on the screen now. He has also promised not to tease her about the Harvard Lampoon, and not to take the world too seriously as the world will still be here long after he is dead and buried.

I usually run a mile when I see a couple of romancers as I know everything will be quite dull and stuffy, but I simply couldn't resist the sounds of laughter that were coming from the Brent-Sheridan table in the commissary the other day at noon. I ordered a salad, like any well-mannered fan writer, and was informed by Miss Sheridan that she would not eat that "rabbit food." Miss Sheridan was eating meat and potatoes. Furthermore she took her pat of butter, made a nest in her mashed potatoes, and dropped it in. Furthermore, she had a second order of mashed potatoes. She never gains a pound. There is no justice in this world. "George has just been telling me," she said, "that because I have a good disposition I let people take advantage of me. He should talk. He has been a sucker for a sob story three times in just this one morning."

With a cheery, "Hello, Joe, what do you know?" to half the people in the commissary Ann was off to her set and I was left with George. I wanted him to talk about Ann. And he did, without the slightest conniving on my part. "She's such a direct, honest person," he said, "and far less confused than most people in Hollywood. She is self-sufficient and thoroughly independent, without being obnoxious about it. Not excitable. Though her publicity is cheap there is nothing cheap about Ann. She is half Irish and Scotch and part Indian, which is stabilizing. She doesn't get all twisted up inside like other actresses. She never says anything unkind about a person. Has none of those catty feminine traits. Her publicity could have destroyed a much better actress. But Ann takes it all quite philosophically. Ann is one of the few down-to-earth level-headed people in Hollywood."

"And her acting is improving by leaps and bounds," said Jimmy Cagney barging in.

"If I were a man," said the waitress (waitresses always take part in the interviews and discussions in the Warners commissary) "I certainly would fall in love with Ann Sheridan. She offers no problems."

And I think the waitress hit the nail on the head. After a decade of temperament, tears, storms, scenes and dramatic complications it must be awfully refreshing for George to get a girl like Ann. With a disposition as beautiful as her face and figure, sane, sensible, and easy-going, Ann certainly offers no problems.

The Stars Warn: Beware in Love

Continued from page 63

appeal to the ladies. Remember, Fredric March is a youthful Virgo, and like Garbo —age will never touch him.

Regardless of what else we may say about those born in the interesting Sign of Virgo, they DO have staying power. One outstanding star who carved a career from very little is Joan Blondell, born August 30. Twelve years ago when Joan and I were new to Hollywood, we lived in the same sad boarding house. Blondell, I knew, was looking for movie work, but I didn't think she'd make it. There was nothing particular about the pert little flapper, (sorry, kids, I don't know the jitterbug equivalent of the word!) to distinguish her from thousands of other screen aspirants. One night, however, I set up her chart and was amazed at the good things in store for her. "Why, you're going to be famous!" I told her. The surprise was all mine. Joan Blondell had known it all the time.

I predicted two marriages for Joan Blondell. She is now engaged on her second. I think, from the evidence in her chart, that it will last. Blondell would sacrifice her home and love for her work, if necessary; but in this case it won't be necessary. Her career will continue indefinitely.

Charles Boyer, whose birthdate is August 28, bears out what is known about Virgo being a sign of youth. Quite past his twenties, he is the most perfect symbol of romance, if his fan response be accurate. The women of the world seem to sense his great youthful spirit in spite of disillusion-



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Famous astrologer Norvell visited Fredric March on the set of his new picture, "Victory," and read his chart which pointed to continued happiness and success in marriage and screen career for Freddie.

ing candid camera studies of Monsieur sans his toupé, consuming spaghetti! To these adoring millions I am forced to say his marriage is perfect and will last.

The dramatic intensity and fidelity of purpose of Virgo is typified by Geraldine Fitzgerald, whose distinguished career has just begun. Geraldine was born on September 18, and I predict that she has the ability to rise to great heights on the screen. She will sacrifice everything for her career, including her current marriage to Squire Lindsay-Hogg. Another marriage is shown for this charming and beautiful young actress in the coming years.

Virgo also presents Richard Greene. Born August 24, this comely lad inherits the best his sign has to offer. Constant in their service of an ideal, the Mercury-ruled Virgo people are apt to be fickle where the little affairs of the heart are concerned, and many a young lady is heading for a broken heart to be delivered in person by Master Greene. Let this be their compensation: Richard's chart shows much emotional anguish, and he too will suffer greatly on this score. He shouldn't, under any circumstances, marry until 1946. (After all, girls, he's just achieved his majority!) Nothing will stop his career, however, for years to come. As Tyrone Power advances in maturity and histrionic skill, he will relinquish the banner of Romantic Lover to Richard Greene, who will bear it for many a day.

Let's step out of the glamor department for a moment and consider Jackie Cooper, another Virgo-born. Born directly under the influence of the planet Mercury, ruler of the mind, Jackie had an early start. He is a careerist and will brook no delays or interruptions in his advance to fame. He is destined to become a dependable leading man of the Fred MacMurray type. Marriage will come to Jackie about the age of twenty-four.

Virgo is a sign that makes exacting demands on its subjects. Unless one is prepared to give up everything for his star-given destiny, he can seldom attract the brilliant fate usually reserved for these lucky persons. An example of what happens to Virgo subjects when they neglect the main issue is the current status of that fine actress, Gladys George. Miss George has been neglecting her screen career for auxiliary interests. When she resumes her duties, she will concentrate more on her career, and great honors, perhaps even a coveted Oscar, will come to her. Gladys George is star caliber, and to the honors she has already won on the stage she will add new laurels in the future on the screen.

The other night at a Hollywood private party the host, as a joke, showed "The Valiant," Paul Muni's screen début. I was amazed. Could this wooden actor who photographed like Joe E. Brown, have become in a decade the greatest actor on the screen? Muni had the sense to follow his Virgo destiny, to be true to a great ideal. While his marriage is a happy one, it is because his wife caters to his major interest. While working, Muni assumes in real life the character of the man he is playing, so that at various times Mrs. Muni has found herself married to *Scarface*, *Juarez*, *Zola*, and assorted criminals and geniuses. It must be hard on the little lady but it certainly is fortunate for Muni to have a wife who understands that a Virgo must concentrate, must be content with one thing at a time.

If YOU too were born between August 23 and September 22, it might be interesting to check up on yourself, astrologically, and see if you have lived up to your destiny. This is the sign of progression, and unless you are fighting and winning battles in life you are miserable. Although peace-loving, you never like leaving anything the way it is; nothing short of perfection must do for you. This is why you can rise rapidly in any field of endeavor—you are satisfied with nothing but the best in life.

You are a career type, but that doesn't mean you will never find marriage happiness. It merely means that it is a little more difficult for you to be contented in love and marriage. Then too, you are a little harder to understand and live with than most of the signs in the Zodiac. It is vitally important, if you want to avoid a divorce, for you to marry someone who is mentally and physically compatible to yourself. Your greatest faults? You are constantly trying to change the person you love, and this may mar the perfect conjugal bliss you might otherwise know.

What signs are best suited to you in love or marriage? The Sign of Taurus, April 21 to May 20, is first on the list. Perfect examples are: Sigrid Gurie, Bing Crosby, Alice Faye, and Gary Cooper. The Sign of Capricorn, December 22 to January 19, is second best. This sign is typified by actors Ray Milland and Lew Ayres, and actresses Loretta Young and Anita Louise. Third best is the Sign of Cancer, June 21 to July 22. George Murphy and Ginger Rogers are typical of this sign.

Following are a few more Virgo subjects for whom we'll predict briefly. Claudette Colbert. I cannot add anything to what I've written so many times in SCREENLAND about this lovely star. She will continue successfully in her career and marriage. Margaret Lindsay is destined to get better rôles, and stardom is possible for this "English actress from Dubuque." Penny Singleton, whose charm decorates the "Blondie" series, but whose talent is lost therein, will win freedom from them eventually and surprise you with her ability. Martha Raye, who has already walked through two marriages, will skip matrimonial adventures for awhile and do some work on her career. It needs it! The most surprising come-back for Virgo will be Frances Farmer, who made the mistake of letting outside interests interfere with her career, thinking her beauty and ability would carry her without extra effort. Miss Farmer has finally learned a lesson and will now show us what a good little Virgo can do when she sets her mind to it.

Those of you born in this fortunate Sign of Virgo can readily see that the future months hold more pleasant surprises for you than unpleasant ones. The main thing to remember is this: keep your good mental balance and rule your emotions with a firm hand. If you do find that you've made a mistake in love or marriage, don't for a moment hesitate in seeking further for love happiness. Like the Hollywood stars born in Virgo, your ultimate love destiny must be a blissful one.

The future astrological indications for those of you born in signs other than Virgo is fraught with many changes, surprises, and some warnings during this month. With the world unrest that exists and the changing order we all face socially and economically, it is important to live our lives by some unchanging guide, and for thousands that means the flickering stars in the skies. The Sun gives our planet life, and so do the other planets send out their vibrations at varying wave lengths. Each person born is said to come under the influence of the star highest in the heavens at the time of birth. There is a birthpath for YOU too, so read your own section dealing with your birthdate below, and find out what this month holds for those born in that section of the Zodiac. You may learn surprising news, or receive a warning that might cause you to avoid unfortunate situations in your life.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Planet Mercury favors all mental activity this month. Your plans and ideas may meet with sudden success, for the stars favor new ventures, especially those connected with the mental processes. Give renewed attention to money matters, for you may be struggling with a financial problem. Keep your present position until something better comes along, as this month does NOT favor uncertain employment conditions. On the 2nd, 5th, 18th and 25th, be cautious of health, avoid danger in vehicles and dark places. The vibrations favor romance, new friendships, marriage, and all matters connected with the home. Toward the last of the month be cautious of legal involvements, avoid signing papers without looking at them first, and be careful of investments. The best days for action this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 10th,

12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 26th, 28th and 30th. The other days are somewhat negative in nature.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

As usual, your sign may be involved in a romance which causes you concern. This is evident when we consider the influence of Venus in your life during this month. Be extremely careful that you do not make a mistake. Choose a Virgo, Capricorn, or Pisces in love, if you want to play safe. The month is good for settling down to work—stop chasing rainbows, and get down to facts. You are inclined to day-dream at this time, but you'll still have to roll up your sleeves and wade right into the job if you want to get anywhere. The planets, Jupiter and Saturn, may bring you help, and yet you may lose money or squander it, if not cautious. Money may go through the negative influence of friends. Watch out lest you help others and hurt yourself thereby. Your generous Taurus nature often gets the best of you. Mars brings a disturbance in the home or in love. Watch your temper and tongue on the 10th, 15th, and 27th. These days may be important, so don't do anything to ruin them by hasty action. A good month for short trips, moving to a new residence, or making a change in business. Favors those engaged in restaurants, beauty parlors, interior decorating, secretarial work, telephone operators, bookkeepers and insurance or investment workers. Also good for music, acting, writing, and drawing or painting. The days most favored this month are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th, 30th.



How's your memory? If it can take you back to 1924, you'll recall Gilda Gray, above, champion shimmy-shaker who's appearing in an old-timers show at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York. Gilda originated the shimmy and *knows* how to shake a grass skirt.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Owing to extravagance you may be worried about finances this month. You generally know how to make money, but seldom do you know how to hold onto it. This is typical of those born in your sign, but this month you should be able to make your share of it and hold it. Warnings? There are several. Avoid involvements with other people, especially strangers. You are apt to become involved in such a way as to cause unpleasantness. Social contacts are favored, but be somewhat aloof from others at this time. Saturn and Uranus bring you disquieting vibrations that might bring an unusual situation in the home. A relative or close friend might be ill. Avoid disturbances of the digestive tract; watch out what you drink, (and how much!); keep your head clear for emergencies, especially on these days: 1st, 7th, 15th, 22nd and 24th. Romantically, if you have not yet found your true astrological mate, be alert for changes. If unhappily married, (as some Geminis are sure to be,) do nothing drastic under these vibrations. Await a calmer month. The following days are positive ones: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 21st, 23rd, 26th, 29th. The other days are negative in nature and favor only routine activity.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

Some rather important event is scheduled for your life this month. Jupiter brings a man into your life who may help you in attaining some ambition. Social events are favored highly. It is even possible that the love life may be altered somewhat by some person who comes into your life during this important month. During the first week be careful of your finances; avoid debts, and obligations. Investments are apt to be somewhat disturbing; a better month for working conditions, however, or for making a change. The health should be watched closely on the following days: 7th, 16th, 18th, 25th and 30th. The stomach is the sensitive spot for you, so be careful of diet. Watch out for theft or loss of valuables during the last week of this month. Romantic affairs are interesting, and may prove upsetting to your present plans. Remember—the changeable Moon is your ruling star, and it might cause fickleness. The favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 27th, 31st.

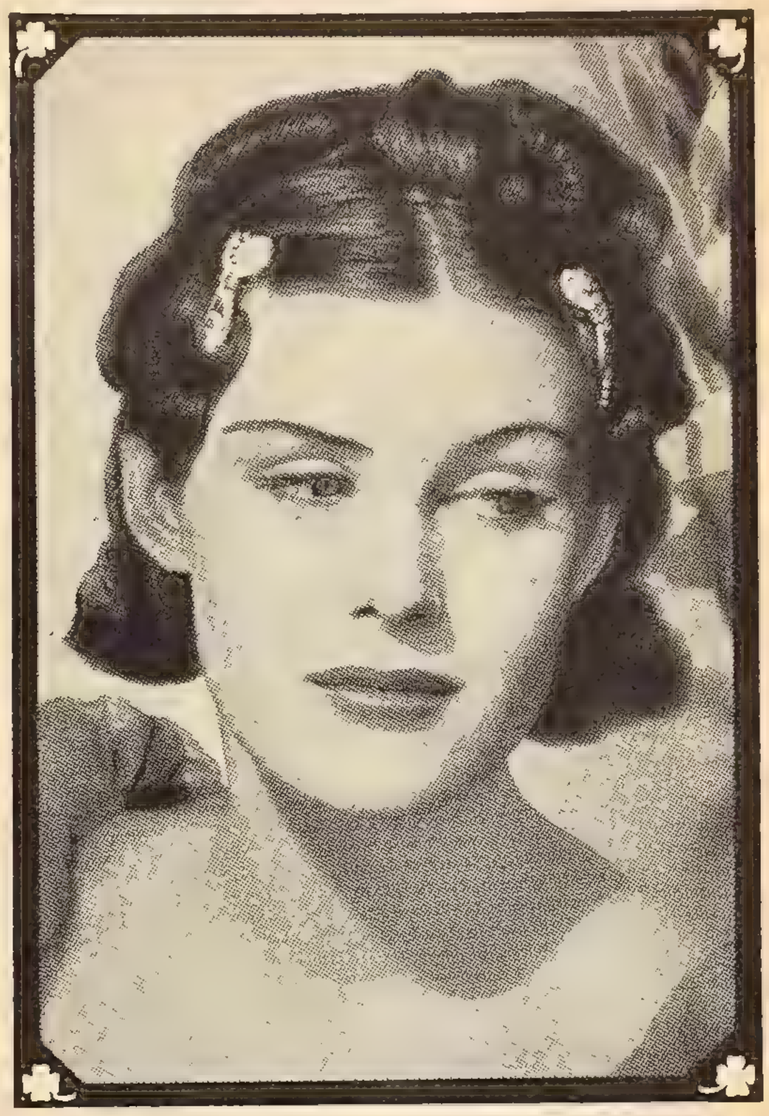
Leo—July 23 to August 22

There is no doubt but that the stars will begin to treat you better in all ways at this time. Things could hardly be worse for Leo than they were in the past few months. Be aggressive this month. Ask favors, and seek out those in positions to help you. Finances improve somewhat under this good cycle, and your business efforts will be rewarded with success. Do not commit yourself to debts, and be careful in regard to investments. If your interests lie in real estate or property development this is NOT the time to sell but hold on to your property. A good month to go into business for yourself, or into a partnership. Favors dealing with the public, selling, advertising, newspaper work, clerical or secretarial routine and work connected with financial institutions. In romance you will

The Sun now demands that you change your POWDER!

Yes, you need a new shade to match your Summer Complexion!

says Lady Esther



ARE YOU MAKING the most of the lovely new complexion that Nature and the Sun have given you? Or are you using your old *winter shade of powder* and risking the chance of looking *older than you are?*

For today, you have a new summer complexion that demands a *new shade of powder*—one that will bring out all the richer, younger-looking tones of your skin!

Yes, right now the SHADE of your powder can be of tremendous importance. But . . . the QUALITY of your powder can count even MORE!

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



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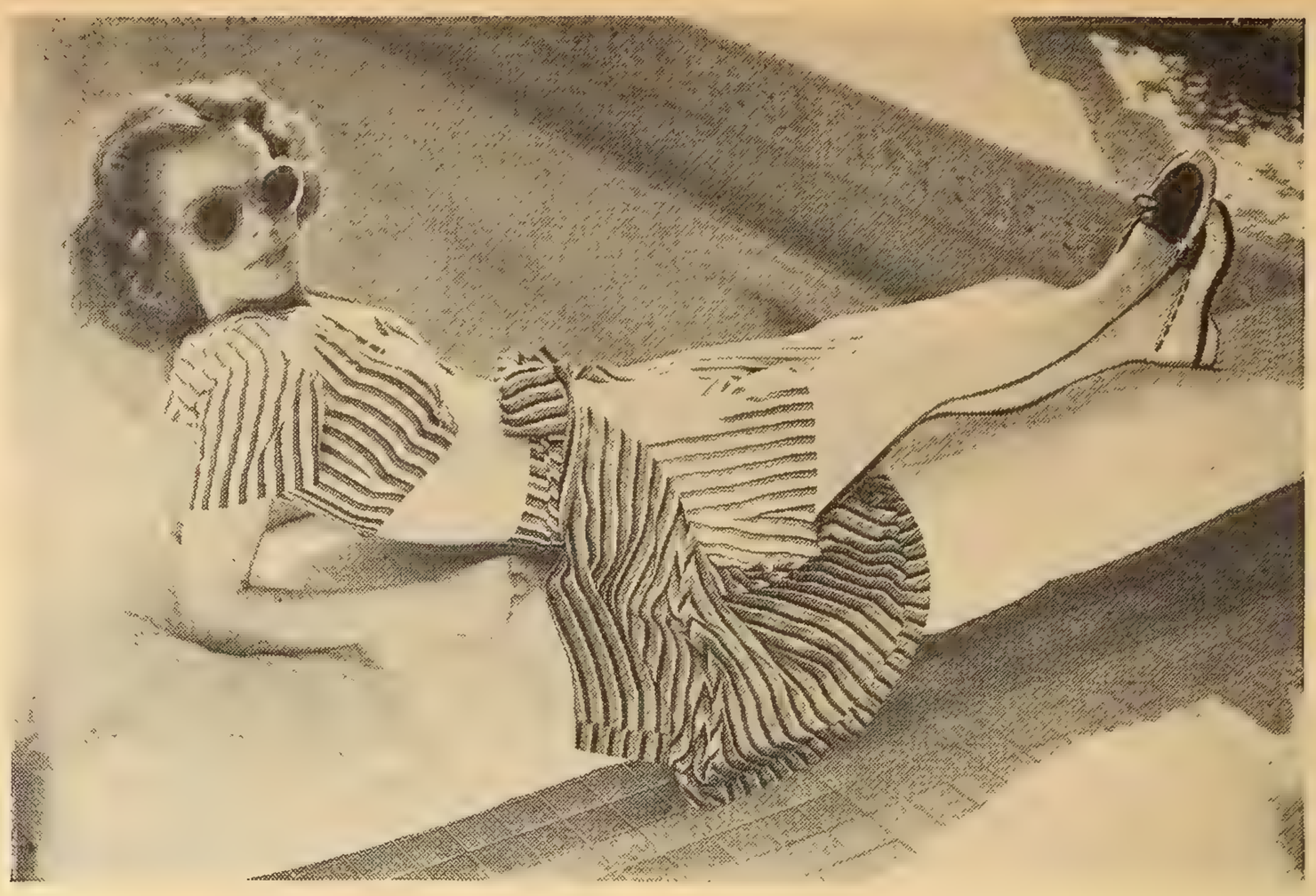


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Marmola is not a cure-all. Marmola is only for adult fat persons whose fatness is caused by a thyroid deficiency (hypothyroidism) but who are otherwise normal and healthy. We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. Why not try to lose those ugly, uncomfortable pounds the Marmola way? Get a box of Marmola today from your druggist.



Lovely Louise Platt believes in acquiring a sun tan in comfort—that's why she brings her padded beach roll to the edge of the pool and puts on dark "no squint" goggles. Her blue, black and white striped three-piece play suit features the bare midriff.

do well to watch your heart interests. Remember you are extremely emotional, and until you definitely know you're in love don't commit yourself to an engagement. Marriage can be happy under these vibrations if you choose an Aries, Sagittarius, or Aquarius-born. Warnings are held for you in health this month, for the high-strung vibrations from the stars still bombard the earth. Watch the diet and nerves; rest and relax. Good days this month are: 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 30th. Other days are neutral.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

This month opens under auspicious vibrations from Jupiter, planet of good fortune. Profit may come through a close friend. A new romance may bloom at this time, and even though you are not yet through with the old, you may consider a change of heart interest. As usual, your life may be lived on the "installment plan." You snatch a few moments here and there in your hurried existence, and are constantly on the move. It would pay you this month to settle down to a steadier rhythm. Your health will be better if you avoid nervousness and excitement. This is a good month to change your home or job but you are in a position to profit by staying in one place, if you can bring yourself to do so. Social events should be few and more time given to personal development. Finances are improved, and money may come from a member of the family or friends. This month favors music, writing, radio and advertising work. Also good for sales and secretarial work. Be cautious on the 3rd, 5th, 9th and 18th of disturbing vibrations from Mars; watch the health, avoid accidents. The following days are favorable: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 11th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 30th. The other days are apt to be negative and do not favor aggressive action.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

A few warnings exist in business and romantic relations this month. Be careful lest some person take advantage of you in business; avoid loss of money or valuables on the 3rd, 7th and 20th. Be especially careful of the love life, for you may attract two persons who will be in love with you, and they may or may not be the right ones. This month is more favorable for old love rather than new. Not an especially good time to make a decision about marriage. Some disquieting vibrations may exist in the home and personal life. Some warnings are given for health; kidney and nerve disturbances are prominent with this sign. A good month to meet the public or do work where the personality is being used. Saleslades, secretaries, teachers, and nurses are favored. A business change may be contemplated but be sure that it is the right step. Caution must be the watchword this month, but during the last week the vibrations are steadier and bring much better fortune. Write letters, sign papers and consider legal activity on the 6th, 9th, 13th and 28th, as the vibrations are steadier. Good days are as follows: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Nothing much to worry about this month, for your worst afflictions are just about over. Unexpected surprises may arise in finances. Money you have long expected may come to you through another person. The home should be under better conditions, and the influence of Mars is less quarrelsome at this time. Be practical in everything you do and do not expect a great fortune overnight. You will have opportunities in business for making changes and should seriously consider them. Romantically you are coming into a good cycle. Your emotions should be under control, and do not give up someone you love because of obstacles. Saturn may interpose some obstacle, but if you hold firm you can overcome this negative cycle in love. Not a good month to become engaged or married. Those already married face disquieting news in connection with relatives and "in-laws." Avoid going in debt. Be careful not to let others impose on your generosity this month. Also watch out on the 2nd, 5th, 8th, 14th and 22nd, for legal involvements. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 26th, 28th, 30th. The month is mostly fortunate.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Love affairs may take up much of your time this month, and are especially stressed in your horoscope. A good month for changing the heart interest, (only if you so choose,) or for continuing with someone who has been in your life for some time. Your ruler, Jupiter, favors most everything you do at this time, so you can hardly go

wrong in love or marriage. If plans have already been made you can rest on your laurels. If married, this month presents you with splendid opportunities for making changes in the home, refurnishing, redecorating, and even moving. Relatives, especially children and elderly persons, are highly favored this month. Finances may be unsettled but they show signs of improving. Avoid investing money in speculative ventures; guard your interests, beware of treachery from some business concern. Watch out on the 4th, 9th, 13th and 29th for accidents, illness, or losses. Social events in your life should blossom this month. A new friend may come into your life who is important in the future. Good days are: 1st, 2nd 3rd, 5th, 8th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, 28th, 31st.

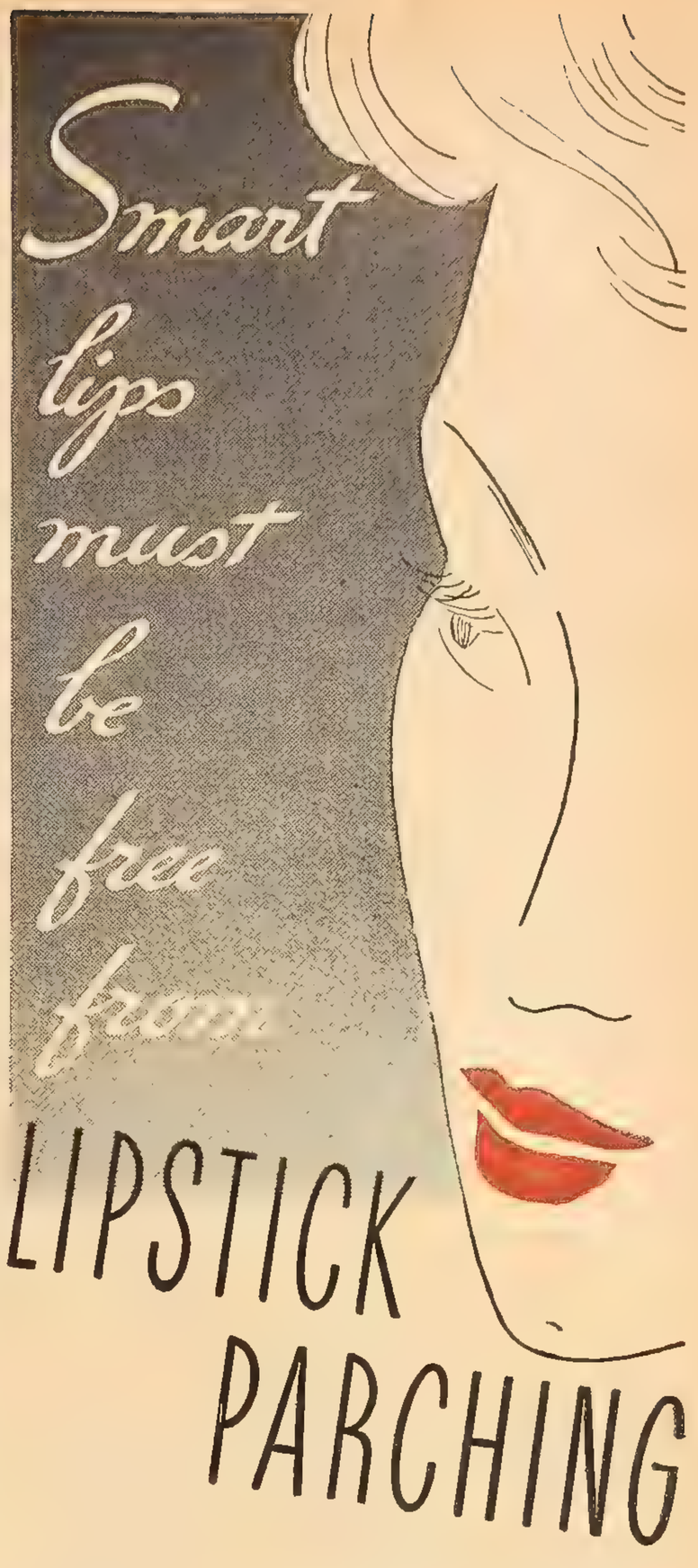
Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

This month is more cheering than last month, but you must still make an effort to get the most out of life. Those born in this sign are often hard hit financially but if you use your money intelligently you can avoid this tendency of your sign. You have many chances this month to make friends, to elevate yourself mentally through self-study. Be alert to opportunities, and avoid feeling that your lot is a hard one in life. If you change your mental attitude to one of expectancy instead of criticism you will undoubtedly attract a more brilliant destiny. This month should be fairly fortunate in a business way. In love and marriage caution must still be used. Unless you attract the right person you may make a romantic change soon. Try to select someone born in Taurus, Virgo, or Cancer, for the greatest love happiness. A good month for investments in real estate, or for dealings with banks, institutions, or individuals. Good for buying or selling. Favors the home. Also good for music, writing, dancing, singing, radio and stage work. Favorable days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 25th 27th, 29th, 30th. Other days slightly negative.

You must still give attention to the health, however, watch the diet, rest and relax, and avoid overtaxing the nerves. You may find yourself in love with two persons and not quite know which to choose. Your heart must guide you in this matter. If married, there is no reason why you should not stay married—although if you married someone born in the wrong sign you may be somewhat disturbed. The best sign for marriage? They are: Gemini, Libra, and, in some cases, Aries. This month is a good time for personal development. Study psychology and philosophy so that you will obtain a better understanding of self and others. Avoid involvements with friends, for this month is rather disturbing if you let yourself be influenced too much by others. Travel is favored, also change in residence or business. The dangerous days are: 1st, 4th, 15th and 28th. The rest of the month favors investments in real estate stocks, and other securities. Good for writing, or other creative effort. Favorable days are: 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

This month favors dealing with the public, seeking promotion or favors from superiors, making friends among educational leaders and professional, or business men. Some person quite close to you might profess love for you. Unexpected things arise this month, some good, some bad. Be progressive-minded, but let your daring be in the right direction. If interested in business, this month is good to make a change in situation. If your finances are still muddled you will have to exercise adroitness in handling your affairs. Help may come from a friend or member of the family. The month is dangerous in romance and marriage; unless you have chosen the right marriage signs, or the right sweethearts, this month may bring you some disappointment. If in love with a Leo, Aries, or Sagittarius, you may have cause for concern; if in love with a Taurus, Virgo, Can- ... a good chance to ... and



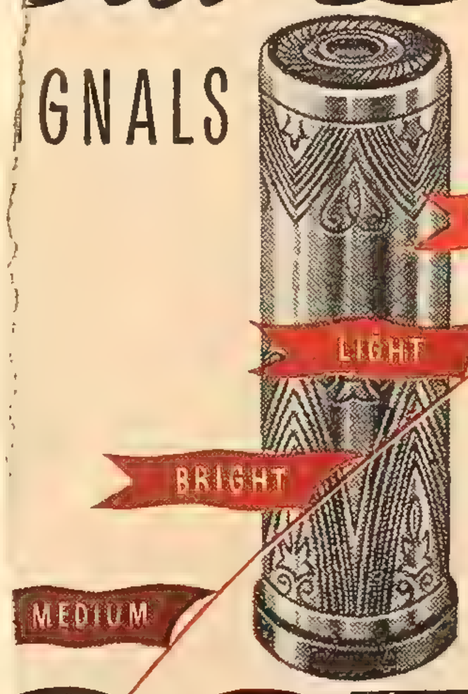
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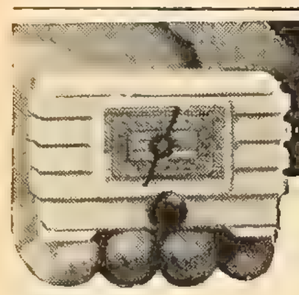


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John's Lowdown on Barrymore

Continued from page 34

there was commercial method. After all, the box office is an important factor in the theater, and truth, to which I ever have held with the tenacity of a bulldog to a succulent bone, compels me to say I recognize it as of first importance to the family budget. Audiences, I realized, were out for a Roman holiday, not just a calendar holiday, but one with the lions thrown in and me thrown to the lions."

As he drew a grateful breath, a strange young lady with rosy cheeks, carmine nails and red bag came apparently out of nowhere and serenely composed herself in a chair on the immediate right of Mr. Barrymore, who now was saying: "Yet the play did give me one moment of my own, so to speak, and reaching it was like taking off a false nose. That moment came with *Hamlet's* soliloquy."

"You play *Hamlet,* Mr. Barrymore?" blithely inquired the Strange Young Lady with startling abruptness and dismaying lack of histrionic lore.

"Let us say," he amended, darting a keen glance at his unknown interlocutor, "a suburban *Hamlet.*"

To save the embarrassing situation from possible bloodshed, I hastily asked whether Mr. Barrymore had been surprised at the success of "My Dear Children."

"Frankly, I was surprised," he admitted. "But the play itself was not without its surprises. Most of them, on my part, were designed to break up Elaine, though she was always quick on the come-back. One night I brought on a dog in a scene, while on another occasion I came briskly in with her maid on my arm. I would lie awake nights thinking up things I could do the next night to upset Elaine. But an attempt to bribe the imposing doo[illegible] where

York and Philadelphia. I was scared stiff on the opening nights in both those cities because of the home-town feeling I had for them. This is a good thing for an actor, as it's apt to make him give a good performance. He's keyed up to a point where he is keenly, even painfully, aware of everything he says and does. But in those cities where I had lived I was fearful as to how they'd take me now that I'd come back. I experienced the same feeling that Enoch Arden must have had when he returned a bit tardily and knocked on the door. He doubtless expected his wife to open it and say, 'Well, you poor old gaffer, who are you and what do you want?' I know it's awful to face a wife you haven't seen for years."

"You have had a wife, Mr. Barrymore?" the Strange Young Lady brightly observed.

"Without gross exaggeration," he earnestly assured her, "I may venture to say I have."

Shifting the shirt of mail he was wearing as if it were of the hair variety, the noted husband permitted himself a reminiscent shrug before going on: "Like old Enoch, I wasn't at all sure of my reception. It was an exciting, a thrilling experience. Fortunately it turned out to be also a happy one. Even so, it made me resolve never again to be so long in going back to the theater. It keeps you alive. And I love combining the two, stage and screen. I love, too, working with Zanuck again. He was at Warners when I was there several years ago, and he certainly knows what picturegoers want—and how to give it to them. I am delighted also to work with Ray Griffith, associate producer of the picture, for in my earlier Hollywood [illegible] likewise a

[illegible]her-

into a wheel-chair. Tell me, by the way, is the World Almanac still being published? Indeed! Admirable as it is as a record of interesting and important facts, it is a ghastly book for actors and actresses no longer in their flaming youth, and they probably feel it ought to be suppressed. For no matter how many years they may annually clip off their ages, all that anybody has to do is to open the World Almanac and find out exactly how old they are. I shudder to think it may even tell when I first played *Hamlet.*"

"You mean, Mr. Barrymore," put in the Strange Young Lady, "that *Hamlet* must have youth?"

"He may, indeed frequently does, have hardening of the arteries," she was duly



Above, John Barrymore, wearing the garb of HAMLET, and Gregory Ratoff, who plays Barrymore's manager, as they appear in a scene from "The Great Profile."

enlightened. "Not that this is absolutely essential. Today Hamlet is played by either very young boys or very old gentlemen."

This time the Strange Young Lady didn't stop at a single question. She glanced down at the momentary *Hamlet's* sable legs, then brought herself up with, "Do you always wear black tights, Mr. Barrymore?"

"Not on Sundays," was his wearied answer. "Then I wear white ones."

It seemed high time to find out how Mr. Barrymore felt about playing himself in "The Great Profile" and whether he considered the character authentically biographical. "He's a complete nut," came the authoritative and unqualified opinion. "But I don't mind that by now. Indeed, I like the picture tremendously. The part is a burlesque of one's own character, exaggerating ones' own idiosyncrasies. This is a good thing, for it is a bad thing to try to conceal them. Everybody is on to them, anyway. I never took myself quite seriously, thank God, for if I had I'd have been dead orty years ago. But I must admit I'd ave hated to see anyone else playing the rt. I didn't mind when Fredric March d me in 'The Royal Family,' because he ad everything that I recognized in myelf, even to the hinges in the knees, so that I felt it all to be uncannily truthful. In fact, I felt much the same as Henry Miller did when he saw himself in his first screen test. We were talking about it at supper one night in Boston. Laughing, Henry Miller said, 'I did everything in it that I'd been firing actors for doing for the past thirty-five years!' But as long as I'm going to be kidded, I'd rather do the kidding myself. After all, that's only fair, though usually actors are considered fair game for anyone. They have to work very hard, just as other people do, but there's something about the atmosphere of the theater or the screen that makes anyone connected with either seem like one apart and different from others. It is for this reason that anything an actor does is dragged into the searchlight of publicity, with the result that everybody knows about it. But if the grocer or the butcher does exactly the same thing, nobody pays the slightest attention to it. Explanation of this differing attitude is to be found in the indisputable fact that the actor is regarded, not as a human being, but as common property. Yet if you permit this one-sided view to get your goat you're sunk. Was it Cooper who said that a sense of humor is like a sense of proportion? Anyway, I have always tried—and sometimes it hasn't been altogether easy—to keep my sense of humor. But it no longer is possible for an actor to keep any sense of illusion so far as the public is concerned. He has no private life. The public has got into the way of thinking that it has a perfect right to know what he has for breakfast and who he has it with."

"Like he eats it in the front window, Mr. Barrymore?" chattily suggested the Strange Young Lady.

"Or the back room," was his discreet alternative.

Groping for something to bring out into the open, I seized upon Mr. Barrymore's justly famed profile, now that it was being glorified in the title of his forthcoming picture, and was curious to know whether he himself had ever been conscious of it.

"Never," he declared. Then: "Wait, that's a lie. Yes, I did become conscious of it once. That was after doing 'Raffles' and reading what Heywood Broun wrote about me. He said, 'John Barrymore went through the performance like a sharp-edged paper-knife.' I didn't quite know whether he was referring to my gait or my pan. My so-called profile, heaven help it, may have helped, or may have hurt, me. Whatever the case, I never paid much attention to it. But there is one thing I am proud of—no matter how often it has been punched, it has always bounced back. I don't know what it's made of, but it must be India rubber. I never size myself up—not if I can avoid it. And in sizing up actors, as he did so completely, Shakespeare certainly never considered profiles."

"Do you think, Mr. Barrymore," begged the Strange Young Lady, "that with my French-Spanish-Rumanian accent I could play Shakespeare?"

"A number of actresses with foreign accents have played Shakespeare," he helpfully advised her, "Modjeska, Rhea, Januschek and others, including the celebrated Eskimo tragedienne, Mme. Igloo."

"Thank you," she said, bounding up. "And now I must go."

"So good of you to come," murmured her involuntary host, rising and gallantly bowing from the waist.

For a moment Mr. Barrymore watched the Strange Young Lady tripping lightly towards the door of the vast stage, then half-turned regretfully with the words: "I greatly fear, my dear fellow, that anything further I might say at this time would sound unutterably flat without the lifting note of yon fair obligato."



I set out to learn about TAMPONS!





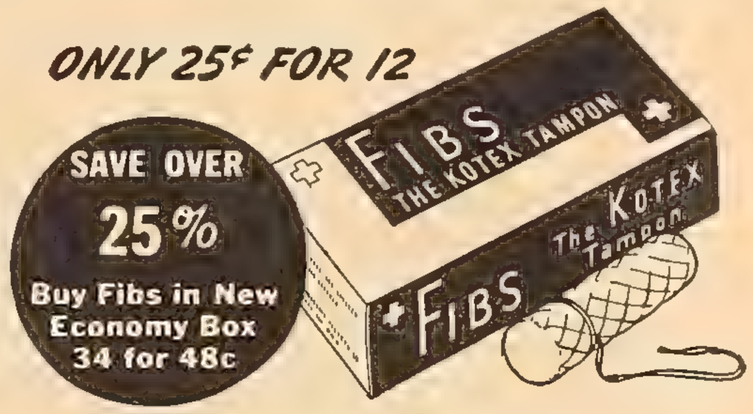
Mary told me: "When it comes to internal protection, I use FIBS*. It's the *Kotex** *Tampon*—so I know it's good. Believe me, a girl can't be too careful. . . ."



Jane told me: "FIBS are grand! They're comfortable, secure and *so easy to use.* You see, the rounded top means that *no artificial method of insertion is needed.*"



Ann told me: "FIBS are quilted! And that's important because it keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use and prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering. Increases comfort, too, and lessens the possibility of injury to delicate tissues.



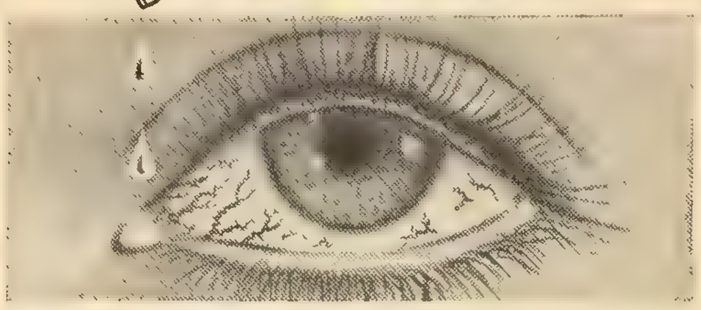
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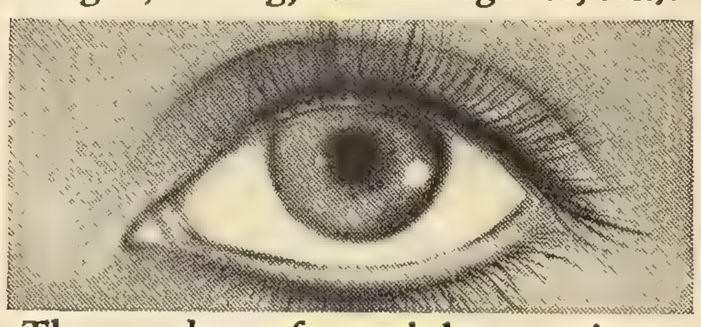
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Yes! They Have a Heart

Continued from page 27

a story and was informed by her maid that Miss Colbert had left her home at eight that morning and was canvassing grocery stores for refugee supplies. (Claudette is a notoriously late sleeper, and I knew she had never been up that early in her life.) I then called Irene Dunne and learned that she was out cleaning out the closets of all her friends for clothes to send to France. Virginia Bruce I learned was at the headquarters of the Motion Picture Auxiliary of the American Red Cross, Chapter 2, and sewing away on little flannel nightgowns on a back-breaking sewing machine. After that I sort of got the idea that Glamor Girls now are far more interested in helping suffering humanity than they are in their publicity. It makes it hard for me, but I like it that way.

In a short article, as this must be, I naturally cannot tell you all the things that the movie stars are doing in their efforts to alleviate suffering in war-torn Europe. Nor can I name all the stars who are giving so generously not only of their money, but what is far more important, of themselves. I can only mention the ones I have come in personal contact with. Believe me, there are dozens of others.

Connie Bennett—whom you never would suspect, or would you?—has been working like a dog. Connie has been famous for years as Hollywood's most luxury-loving star, but since she became interested in refugee work Connie is out of bed at the crack of dawn almost, and puts in a good fourteen hours a day. She does everything. Personally, she picks up old clothes and packs them, she begs for medical supplies from the large drugstores, she raffles off anything she can get her hands on, including her newest ermine coat (some lucky dame is going to get an ermine coat for a fifty-cent raffle ticket), and she arranges radio broadcasts in which the star's check goes to the Red Cross. And it was Connie, with Mrs. Ann Warner, who in June organized the Hollywood Chapter of the International Committee for Refugees in France. Included on the Hollywood committee are people who will work, and work hard. Connie saw to that.

"The Hollywood committee is not asking for large cash donations," Connie told her committee, "but is asking for continued supplies of needed articles. At present the committee is equipping hospitals at Montbron and Chateauneuf, a children's hospital at Capbreton, and a sanitarium near Poitiers."

Shoppers in all the Los Angeles and Hollywood stores did double-takes the other day when they saw Connie, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Simone Simon, Hedy Lamarr, Ann Sothern, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy and many others marching in and plunking milk bottles down on the counters. The milk bottles were to receive contributions from a penny upwards for the relief of refugees.

Besides being on the committee of everybody else's pet charity in town Claudette Colbert has her own charity which she runs all by herself, as she claims she is not the organizing type. Claudette feels that with fall and winter coming on the refugees will need warm sweaters more than anything else. She furnishes the wool and the needles and the instructions, and anyone who wants to knit has but to notify Claudette and she, or her secretary, will take the wool and needles to them immediately. At present she has four hundred and twenty-five women knitting for her, and the list is constantly growing. There are so many people who want to help, Claudette discovered, but they can't afford to buy the wool. At present the wool costs her about a thousand dollars a month. The sweaters are shipped for her by the American Red Cross.

Several years ago when she married Dr. Joel Pressman Claudette thought it would be a cute idea to knit him a sweater. She did two inches in exactly two months, announced that she would never be a knitter, and ran out and bought the Doctor a sweater. But now Claudette is one of the



Because Robert Conway's ability stood out in his first small part—that of a storm trooper in "Four Sons"—you will see more of him on the screen ere long.

most skilful knitters in Hollywood, though she has only been at it since June. When she isn't knitting she is rolling bandages, donating ambulances, and wheedling clothes out of her friends. The thing she hates most, and forces herself to do, is ask the grocery stores for supplies. "I've never been so frightened even on an opening night," said Claudette, "as I was the day I went to the Westwood market and begged for dried prunes."

Two other girls who have proved themselves all heart are Barbara Stanwyck and Jeanette MacDonald. As soon as she read of the German invasion of Belgium and France, Jeanette's first thought was, "Those poor little refugee children! They must have milk." So Jeanette has arranged to send 425 pounds of powdered milk to Europe every year, until things are normal again, if ever.

Barbara, of course, has always been known as one of the most generous stars in Hollywood, and when children are concerned poor Barbara just goes all to pieces and would give her last dime if she didn't have a manager to stop her. When Connie Bennett called her for old clothes Barbara said, "I've just cleaned out my wardrobe for an orphanage. But I'll get something there by afternoon." She did. A whole bunch of brand new sweaters and slacks, and six very handsome suits from Mr. Taylor's wardrobe. Poor Bob, he probably won't know what he has, and what he

hasn't, for months to come. But what really broke me up was when I saw Dion's little baby shoes. Dion, as you know, is Barbara's adopted son, who is getting to be quite a big boy now, and goes to military school. Barbara, like all sentimental mothers was hanging on to her baby's shoes. "But I guess those kids in France will need them pretty badly," said Barbara, and told her dearest possession goodbye.

The Motion Picture Auxiliary of the American Red Cross, Chapter 2, was organized by Kay Francis, Mrs. Phil Berg, and Mrs. Milton Bren. The Beverly Hills Hotel donated their garden room and every day movie stars and producers' wives gather there to sew, and believe me, they *sew* under the eagle eye of Miss Francis. Kay took lessons in cutting, button-holing, and the mastery of sewing machines and is only too willing to give her professional advice to beginners.

Sylvia Fairbanks has been in deep mourning ever since the sudden death of the late Douglas Fairbanks, and she shut herself away from the world in his Santa Monica beach house. She rarely saw even her closest friends. But once more Doug, Sr.'s house rings with gay laughter and chatter for it is open from early morning to late at night to anyone, and Sylvia means anyone, who wants to sew for the Red Cross. She furnishes all supplies.

Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson) and Mrs. Ronald Colman (Benita Hume) have their own committee which is kept busy sending sweaters and shirts, and checks and ambulances, to the Anne Morgan Friends of France organization in France. It is very difficult for me to believe, both of them being male Garbos, but the rumor is that both Charles Boyer and Ronnie Colman are planning to go on personal appearance tours this fall—with the proceeds going toward Allied Relief.

Alan Mowbray is the head of the British Allied Relief War Association in Hollywood and has for his co-workers Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, Ronnie Colman, Basil Rathbone, Henry Stephenson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. To date they have sent $40,000 to England, plus eight ambulances, and unnumbered packing cases full of surgical supplies.

Director Tay Garnett started the raffle idea in the various night clubs, and has already cleared thousands of dollars for refugee relief. Helping him sell his tickets at Victor Hugo, Ciro's, and Lamaze, have been such attractive stars as Joan Bennett, Ann Sothern, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Olivia de Havilland, Una Merkel, Florence Rice, Polly Ann Young and Dorothy Lamour.

The winner of the raffle will receive $500, and if it's a movie star who wins it's a safe bet that the five hundred bucks will also go to the refugee fund.

The garden party given by the Edward G. Robinsons at their lovely home in Beverly Hills pulled in a pretty penny for the refugees as it was packed and jammed from early afternoon until late at night. Paulette Goddard did a hula dance that was worth the price of admission alone, and Marlene Dietrich swelled the fund considerably by getting $1025 for one of her kisses. Another successful party has been given by Carmel Myers with the popular Tyrone Power acting as master of ceremonies. The highlight of the party was a fashion show with fall fashions modeled by Anita Louise, Carole Landis, Virginia Field, Penny Singleton, and other lovely ladies of the cinema.

A number of charity concerts and balls are being planned for the next few months, with the super-colossal Allied Relief Ball scheduled for August 3rd. How Hollywood's money will hold out I don't know, but it couldn't be going to a better cause.

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How to Raise a Boy in Hollywood

Continued from page 29

able to judge for himself as to the rightness and the wrongness of the young ladies he escorts. Only once did I disapprove of a girl that Jackie asked to our home. While she was our guest, I had a chance to observe and study her. She claimed she was only sixteen, but I doubted that very much. I felt that she was too old and sophisticated. When Jackie returned, after taking the girl home, he was excited and elated about her. He, as he always has, asked me what I thought of her. We talked for a while, and I told him I didn't really care for her, that she was not sincere or truthful. Jackie was vitally disappointed at first, and as I watched him go to his room that night, I knew exactly what was on his mind. In his slow, plodding steps I could tell he was hurt a little and emotionally confused. But it was his fight, his judgment. I voiced my opinion and left the rest up to him. I knew what his decision would be, for Jackie has never gone against my advice. The next morning his mind was clear. He never saw her again.

When Jackie was young and when he went through the puppy-love era, I never laughed at him. I tried to understand how a young boy his age felt and to talk to him in a way that he would grasp quickly. I didn't talk *down* to him though. I talked *with* him and helped him to see where he was wrong and where he was right.

Ever since he was six years old, he has had a girl friend, so you can see we've had a good many confidential sessions. His first crush was Mitzi Green. This came when he was making "Skippy." One day he came home to me, crying as though his heart would break. After I managed to calm him, he told me how awful it was to be too young to marry. He wanted to marry Mitzi so badly. I didn't laugh at him. I comforted him and told him not to worry, that he could marry her when he grew up. Jackie felt much better about it after I had given my "consent" and assured me he would always love her.

That eventually passed, as I knew it would. But it wasn't long before he was back in the same throes again and a bit more intense about his new crush. She was Helen Parrish, Universal starlet today. Jackie was eight at the time. He used to take Helen to Saturday matinées, accompanied by his body-guard. He bought her several gifts, all out of his allowance which at that time was one dollar a week. He remained in his youthful seventh heaven for quite awhile, but eventually this waned too.

But, ever since those early and impressionable stages in Jackie's life, he has never been without a girl friend. We have always entertained them, along with his boy friends, at our home. Consequently, there has never been any novelty to his having a girl. There has never been that awful confusion and fright that confront many boys who have not associated with or been around girls. Jackie was taught that it was natural to be with them. That his friendship with them was fine and part of his normal training. I haven't felt that he should be segregated from girls until he reached a riper age. Such an idea, to me, is the cause of many embarrassments between young boys and girls of today.

I don't want to be misunderstood in this connection. Jackie has never been allowed to do entirely as he wishes when it comes to going with girls. I always know where he goes and what he does. For example, he and Judy Garland have been the closest of friends on and off for five years. They don't go around together so much now. Their interests are different. But in the days past they had many good times. Naturally, they would quarrel and break up, and then they would start going out together again. I never paid any particular attention, only to know in a casual way what was going on.

Often, after he and a girl have quarreled, Jackie has come to me looking for sympathy and understanding. When such moments occur, we go to my room and talk the whole thing over. He tells me what happened, what his part in the argument was, and then asks for my advice. I talk to him quietly and with understanding, and soon we come to the solution that eases his mind. I am very grateful that Jackie has come to me for this help voluntarily. There has been no embarrassment in talking to me. He does so freely and honestly. He wouldn't be able to if we hadn't been as close as we are and so honest with each other.

In fact, when Jackie returns from a date, he always tells me all about the evening, just as soon as he comes home. He tells me where he went, whom he saw, what he and the girl did, what gave him the most pleasure, and anything else that pops into his head at such times. This may sound as though Jackie has no secrets from me. As far as I know, he hasn't. But then, everyone has had a few very personal secrets that he has kept from his mother and father, so I expect Jackie has too. I have no desire to know what they are. He has a right to them. If he ever wants to talk to me about them, that is his business.

Some mothers find their children's questions embarrassing. I never have. Principally, I assume, because from the very first question Jackie asked me, I tried to be honest in my answer. I have never lied to him. Sometimes I had to be diplomatic or make comparisons in some other phase of life, but he has always been told everything straight. Such honesty pays in the long run and brings about a better and more definite basis of understanding and accord between mother and son. It is better that a boy's mother answer his questions tactfully and honestly than that he should learn the answers from less creditable sources.

Today, Jackie has no steady girl, but his current interest—call it romance if you wish—is Jimmy Rogers. Yes, I know Jimmy is a peculiar name for a girl, but that doesn't prevent her being a very fine young lady. She's the daughter of Jarvis Rogers, ranch owner in Palm Springs. She is an excellent rider—in fact, she lives on a horse—and she is quite adept at roping steers. With all of these athletic abilities, though, she is quite feminine and lovely, though perhaps not as sophisticated as the girls Jackie has known in Hollywood. He met her on one of our frequent visits to the desert resort. He became so intrigued by her skill that he immediately took an interest in her and made up his mind to ride as well as she could, and even to rope steers as well. I suppose it was the old idea of a "man" never wanting a "woman" to do anything better than he could. Well, anyway, Jackie entered his first rodeo a while back and rode his first steer, with some success, I must admit. I can't say he was entirely at ease, but he did an excellent job considering that he was new at it.

Jackie and Jimmy are together constantly while we're in Palm Springs. He kids her a lot about being unsophisticated. When he asks her if she wants to go to a movie, she'll reply indifferently, "I don't

care." Then Jackie will proceed to inform her of the correct ways to answer, accept, or reject a gentleman's invitations. Once, a few weeks ago, Jackie and Jimmy rode into town to get a Coca-Cola. They loosened the strap that held the horses and went inside. Jackie told her that he hoped the Coca-Cola wasn't too strong for her, kidding her along. She said nothing. When they came out, Jimmy cinched the strap of her horse and got on. Suddenly, Jackie turned very red. He had forgotten how to cinch the strap! He fumbled around but wouldn't ask for Jimmy's help. Finally, she got disgusted, got off her horse, fixed the strap on Jackie's horse, mounted her animal, and said, "There are some things I can do that you can't, aren't there?"

I would like to bring Jimmy to Hollywood and put her in pictures, but Jackie tells me not to. He says she's happy where she is, so why bother her? Perhaps he's right.

Jackie's association with girls has its limitations, though. He's not given too much freedom to do as he wishes. This may surprise many of you who have pictured him as a boy who has anything and everything he wants. But I believe in letting him hurdle the responsibilities of seventeen with ease and with a certain amount of thrill. He will never be bored with life because he has seen too much and done too much. I'il see to that. He's always going to get a kick out of everything that happens to him. Therefore, there are rules that he must observe. I usually ask him to be in at twelve. Sometimes this may be hard to do. Occasionally, a special show will just be going on at the Cocoanut Grove, for instance, or some other typical place. In this event, he always calls me and asks if I mind if he stays out a little longer. If his request is plausible, he is allowed to remain, but with the understanding that he is not to be later than one o'clock. However, no matter where Jackie is, he never fails to call home during the course of the evening.

I allow him to go to all of the first class night clubs and hotels to eat and dance. I forbid cocktail bars unless he is with his elders, and we don't like cocktail bars. Most of his dates are at the Victor Hugo, where he often entertains with his band, the Grace Hayes Lodge, or at the Tropics, where he goes to dote on their chicken curry, his favorite dish. When he has saved two weeks' allowance, he may go to some very exclusive night club. However, he usually goes to the places that serve the best food, for he loves to eat. And because he has found all the entertainment and pleasure he wishes in these dignified surroundings, he has never wanted to go to the less respectable or elevating places.

Recently, Jackie got a new car for a present, and Mr. Bigelow and I wondered what new problems this would give us. Happily, the car has not brought us any undue gray hairs. We've had no trouble with his driving. I think he's a good driver, even though he is a little huffy at times. I have tried to show him, however, that it does no good to lose his temper in traffic.

Jackie's dates are limited to one a week with a girl. That is enough at his age. Sometimes other affairs come up unexpectedly, such as a birthday party, première, or any other similar occasion. But as a rule, he only dates a girl on Saturday nights, and he doesn't expect any deviation from that rule. Of course, we allow him to entertain at home once in a while. Usually, on Sunday afternoons, he has his friends in for a get-together. He holds his "jam sessions" with his orchestra then, and he gets rid of a lot of natural energy in such a way. He loves his drums so much, and he likes swing with a vengeance. In fact, he takes his orchestra so seriously that he is contemplating a personal appearance tour through the country with it and may even do a radio series. So, any natural restlessness he may have is dispelled easily and harmlessly during his noisy afternoon swing sessions.

He also has friends in during evenings, but his guests must leave at twelve o'clock, for I am sure that most parents feel that that hour is late enough for their boys and girls to be out. I've had very few occasions when I have had to ask any of Jackie's friends to leave. They usually know when it's time to go. On the evenings when there is nothing important interfering, he goes to bed at his usual time of ten-thirty. I see to it that important and unexpected events do not occur too often.

Jackie has always felt free to bring his girl friends to our house at any time. Often he has had them for late Sunday breakfast with us and equally as often for dinner. I encourage his bringing the girls he knows to the house, for I've tried to make Jackie feel his home is as much for his pleasure and as much for his friends as it is for Mr. Bigelow's and mine. I know that parents of some of Jackie's friends never like to have their homes "cluttered up" with a lot of youngsters. This is a great mistake to me, for if a home isn't for their benefit and their pleasure, they will be more apt to find other unsavory places for their fun. And some parents wonder why children frequent what is commonly known as "joints."

Jackie is today a normal boy who is puzzled about the same things, including girls, that puzzle any other young man. He has been hurt as often as has any boy by disappointments in romance. But there is one thing that he has not had to worry about when it comes to escorting young ladies. He has never had to wonder whether they were going with him because he was in pictures or because they really liked him. I have tried to raise Jackie to feel that his work is not unusual and that he is like any other boy. I know his position as an actor hasn't influenced his ideals or his making of friends. He's just a normal kid and as much like your next door neighbor as your own son is. His desires, his hopes, and his interests are simply those of any boy who is seventeen.

Jackie is interested in girls naturally enough and he likes their company, but he has too much sense to think of marriage. I know that many reports have gone out that he is thinking of marching to the altar. I have even had persistent calls from newspapers asking me to confirm the story that Jackie is going to elope. This is all very disturbing and very untrue. What may seem like serious intentions to some columnists are only natural expressions of any seventeen-year-old boy out with a girl. And, besides, if he were thinking of marriage, I know he would talk to me first. He wouldn't keep anything as important as that a secret from me. Not when he has come to me for help on far less important things. Jackie realizes he's too young for any such step. And besides, at the moment his acting and his love for his career are the most important things.

I'm very proud of the life that has been Jackie's and mine. I'm proud of the job we both have done. He isn't a mama's boy, and he's not tied to my apron strings. I wouldn't want that and neither would he. We are—let me say—pals and the best of pals at that. Yes, the years have been kind and considerate to us, and it is with a sigh of relief that I look back at what is past and look ahead hopefully at what is in the future. I know that neither of us has failed or ever will fail the other. For behind us lie sympathy, understanding, and honesty. Ahead of us lie matured comradeship and, above all, respect. Without these qualities, no mother and son can ever fully appreciate the happiness that should be theirs.

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W-h-e-e!! screamed Dana Dale when she dipped her pretty Trilbys into the water and found it a trifle chilly while relaxing at the Beverly Hills Hotel Sand and Pool Club.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

affairs. I mean the sort of things where you call up your friends in the morning and say: 'How about coming over to a serve-yourself meal tonight?' None of this planning for weeks ahead for me.

"I like small groups or else very large ones. Last week at our cocktail party we had a hundred guests, but for informal affairs I think four or six is a good number, so we can talk intimately. If it's a large group, they can split up into small circles and enjoy themselves, but if you have eight or twelve, there can be no general conversation and someone is certain to feel left out. I hope my guests always come here and have such a good time they look forward to coming again."

On a card table, there were the makings of various salads—tomatoes, lettuce, sliced onions, grated cabbage, carrots, radishes, with French dressing and mayonnaise in separate containers. There was a large plate of toasted buns and a grill for frying the hamburgers that were stacked on another plate close at hand. A dish of Brownie completed the table. Nearby, a gay pottery jug of coffee with cups.

Margaret plugged in the grill and began to fry hamburgers. "Now each of you can select and make your own salads," she said. "The variety depends on your own taste Each guest is supposed to fry his own hamburger, pop an onion on it, slap it between halves of the toasted bun, assemble a salad and coffee and get to work.

"Sometimes we have cake and sometimes a favorite dish of mine, gingerbread with whipped cream. We scoop a small piece out of each square of gingerbread, put a spoonful of orange marmalade in and cover with whipped cream.

"Mock Biscuit Tortoni is another excellent dessert I've never tasted anywhere else."

MOCK BISCUIT TORTONI

Soak 1 tablespoon *Knox's gelatine* in ½ cup of cold water for twenty minutes. Beat 1 egg and beat into it ⅓ cup of sifted sugar and add gradually beating constantly 1 cup of scalded milk. Place in the top of a double boiler and stir over the fire until the mixture is creamy and clings to the spoon. Remove from the fire, add the gelatine, cool slightly and stir until it starts to thicken. Add 1 cup of macaroon crumbs, ½ cup seedless raisins and 1 teaspoon *Burnett's* vanilla extract; fold in 1 cup whipped cream and pour into a wet mold, set in a cold place to harden. When ready to serve, unmold on a cold plate and garnish with whipped cream.

VIENNA CREAM CAKE

Beat the yolks of 6 eggs until light and lemon-colored with 1 cup sifted sugar. Sift ¾ cup Swansdown flour with ¾ cup Baker's chocolate (finely ground) and add to the yolk mixture. Beat well and add the stiffly beaten whites of 6 eggs and 1½ teaspoons *Burnett's* extract of vanilla. Pour into a deep, well-buttered (or use Crisco) round pan and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Cool, cut in half and fill with nut cream and sprinkle with sugar.

CHEESE CAKE

Line a deep layer pan with cookie dough. Beat 4 tablespoons sweet butter to a cream and beat into it gradually ½ cup of sugar and the yolks of 3 eggs. Mix well, add the grated rind of 1 lemon, ¾ cup of seedless raisins, pinch of salt, 1½ cups of cottage cheese (*Sealtest*) that has been rubbed through a sieve and just before pouring into the lined tin add the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Bake until set in a moderate oven, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and serve cold.

Gay rugs hanging from a small balcony that led to a still higher floor, strings of red chili peppers and corn, small Mexican dolls scattered about the sunroom reminded Margaret of recent trips.

"I love to hop into a car and head for Mexico," she observed. "My souvenirs aren't all as tangible as these. Some of them are recipes. I like collecting odd dishes on my travels. Ever taste palanquetas? They're really pralines."

PALANQUETAS

Boil rapidly together 1 cup of white and brown sugar and 4 tablespoons butter. When it hardens when tested in cold water, drop in tablespoons on an oiled slab or tin, pressing halves of pecans or walnuts around the edges of each quickly before it gets cold. They should be about three inches in diameter and rather thin.

"Speaking of traveling, when I was back East this time, my pleasantest experience was a day I spent at the House of Seven Gables. See, this is a miniature replica of the house. It's in Salem, Massachusetts, and now it's run by four women who do settlement work. They were so sweet to me. We all had lunch together and when I left one of them gave me this little doll she had dressed for me. It's *Hepizibah,* the character I played in the picture.

"I adore New England cooking. There's *Lobster Portland."*

LOBSTER PORTLAND

Mix in a bowl rubbed with a clove of crushed garlic 2 cups cooked lobster meat cut in dice, 3 tablespoons capers, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 chopped sweet green pepper, 1 chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ cup of tarragon French dressing. Drain off the French dressing, mound on cold lettuce-covered plates, cover with Russian dressing and garnish with ripe olives.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

1 cup *Hellman's* mayonnaise
½ cup chili sauce
3 tablespoons chopped pimientos
1 tablespoon chopped, stoned olives
2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 teaspoons *Tastetone* sauce
Mix well together.

"When I was in Nassau and Key West, they served one dish that was especially luscious, *Pompano a la Bimini,* a delicate white fish served with a white sauce flavored with American cheese."

Colin, Margaret's cocker-spaniel, now insisted that we take him out. Margaret led the way down more rock steps to a patio which was walled in on three sides. The muralled walls enclosed a ping-pong table, but Colin objected to our attempts at playing, and this time we followed him up more steps to a small formal garden. From this vantage we could see the outside of the patio and note that on it were painted two windows, complete with green shutters and flower-filled windowboxes.

"That's a whimsical touch," observed Margaret. "If you have no windows, where you want 'em, just paint them on!"

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